Saturday Review
OCTOBER 28, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

DOUGLAS MOORE'S NEW AMERICAN OPERA

By Irving Kolodin

THE CITIZEN'S HEALTH: WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

By Alvin C. Eurich

SHELTERS, SURVIVAL, AND COMMON SENSE — Part II

By Norman Cousins

NICCOLO TUCCI:

An Essay Review of "The Empty Canvas," by Alberto Moravia

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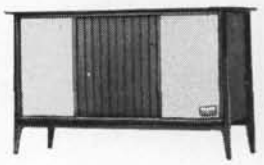

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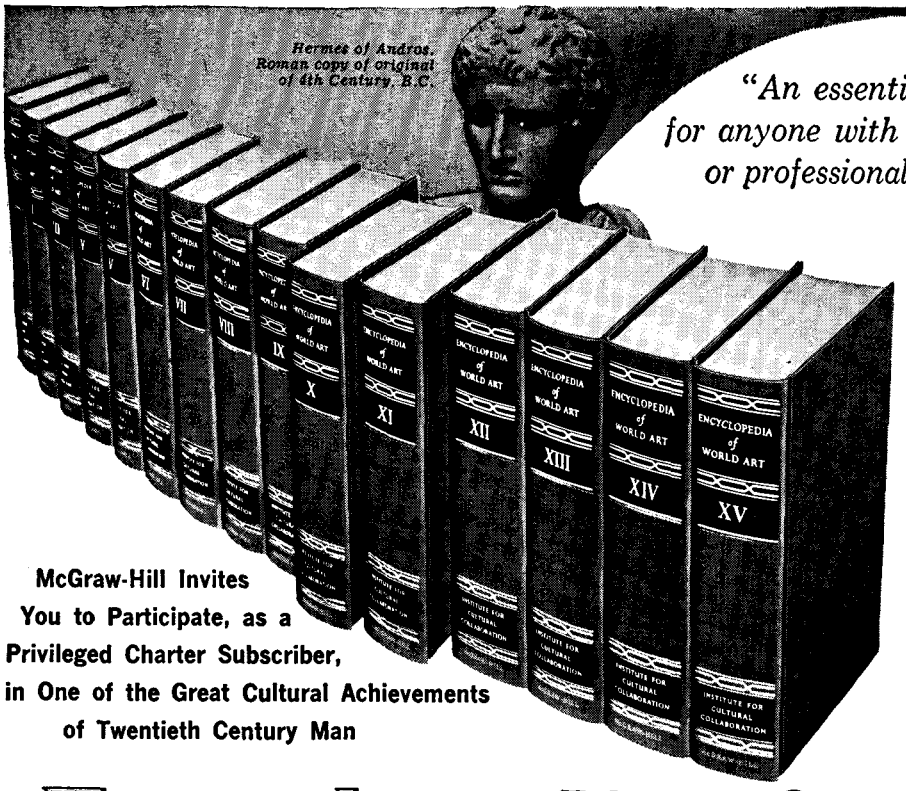

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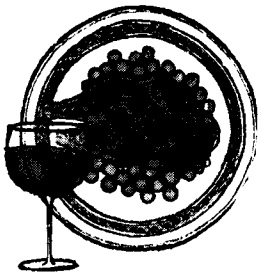
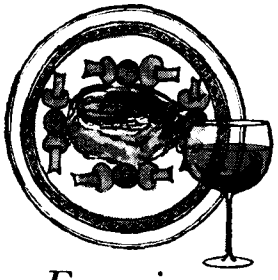


And you want steak (mignon filet)



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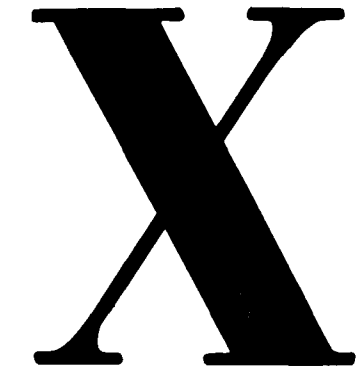

Among other things, X is a Roman numeral for 10. It represents a signature; it means Christ in a word like Xmas; on a map or diagram, it marks the spot; in a letter, it stands for a kiss. It is also a symbol, in *chemistry*, for xenon; in *mathematics*, for an unknown quantity.

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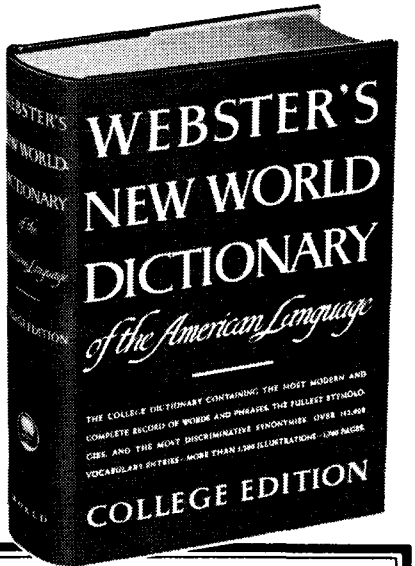

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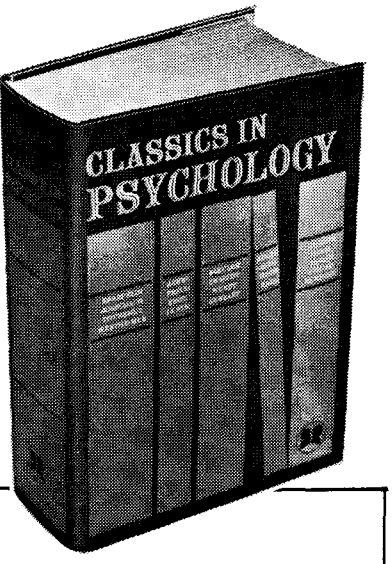

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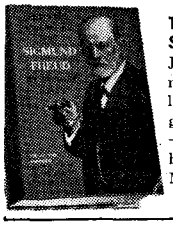

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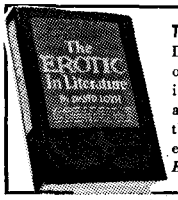

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

"WHAT WE *will* do in the future is one thing, what we *can* do in the future is another, and what we *ought* to do in the future is still another. What we can do is go on doing what we have been doing, and that is letting Uncle do too much for us. We can do this and pray to God regularly that it doesn't land us in a world war after we've lost every friend we've ever had on the face of the earth. We can do this. I hope we don't. What we ought to do in the future is stop treating democracy as though it were simply an historic document to be preserved between sheets of glass in a specially guarded case in Washington. We ought to treat democracy as a fresh, sharp working tool and start digging into our own economy with it to break up economic privileges, to free the nutriments from the soil of our economy so that it can grow — so that it will thrive, not on a basis of scarcity, but on a basis of abundance. Not only ought we to be doing this to our economy, we ought to pass the tool to people about the world, showing them how to use it, encouraging them to dig into their economies, encouraging them to raise their own standards of living. The economy of the world is a tough, impacted ground filled with a network of roots that feed mighty few people well and a lot of people poorly. Economic democracy, through cooperative ownership, can change matters drastically. I am not afraid of democracy and I don't think any American worthy of the name ought to be afraid of extending it worldwide. This is what we ought to be doing in the future. I have been trying to do it for over thirty years and will go on doing it as long as I can."

THE QUOTATION is from *Vice President in Charge of Revolution*, by Murray D. Lincoln, as told to David Karp. (Lincoln is president of Nationwide Insurance.) *McGraw-Hill, $4.95 in cloth; $1.95 paperback.*

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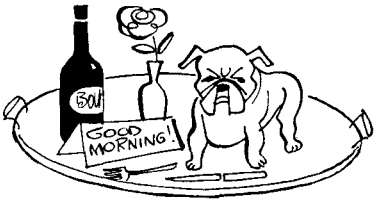

WHEN I SAID that Judge O'Rear's obits failed to mention that he or his father had lived in every administration, from Washington to Kennedy, I meant New York obits, not those in Kentucky. Judge O'Rear died in Versailles, one of those numerous towns which we always pronounce wrong, like Calais, Maine, and Gallipolis, Ohio, and Salina, Kansas. The judge was ninety-eight when he died. He was renowned for his recipe for a Kentucky breakfast: a bulldog, a T-bone steak, and a bottle of bourbon.

Someone would always ask, "What's the bulldog for?" and Judge O'Rear would reply, "To eat the steak."

A LOS ANGELES attorney, Terrys T. Olender, was really put out at one review of her book, "For the Prosecution: Miss Deputy D. A.," published a few months ago by Chilton. The book tells of her five years' experience as deputy District Attorney in that city. She was the first woman there to prosecute offenders for major felonies, including sex crimes. The book's jacket describes its contents as "a woman lawyer's amazing and often shocking experiences in handling murder, robbery, and bizarre sex cases."

How could it miss? Imagine the indignation of the author and publisher when reviewer Irvin Zyskind in the Columbus (Georgia) *Enquirer* described the book as "clean." Miss Olender considered this an unfavorable review and sent off a letter of complaint to Mr. Zyskind.

"What do you mean, 'clean'?" she asked. "What about all the bizarre sex cases?"

He replied, "I wasn't referring to the content, but to the wholesome, clean-cut manner in which you handled even the unsavory incidents. I'm willing to let my young daughter read the book."

Nothing can hurt the sale of a book of bizarre sex cases faster than having word get around that it's "clean" and that young girls are getting their parents' permission to read it. No wonder the former Miss Deputy D. A. was upset.

PEOPLE IN THE magazine business get rather tired of having strangers come up to them in bars and at parties and give free advice on what's wrong with their publication. Roy Alexander, editor of *Time*, is no exception but, being a man of intelligence and wit, he has devised a bit of oneupmanship for such occasions.

"It always shuts them up," he tells me. When some character starts comparing *Time* unfavorably with the opposition—*Newsweek*—he says to the heckler, "You know, I spotted you for a *Newsweek* reader the minute you entered the room."

THIS WEEK and next will see the publication of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth books either edited, written, or collected by Bill Cole, the young Simon and Schuster publicity director who just left that outfit to devote all his time to free-lancing. His "Poems

for Seasons and Celebrations" has been brought out by World; it's a juvenile that includes some old verses and some originals.

Next comes "New York in Photographs" with Julia Colmore, also ex-Simon and Schuster. Their old alma mater will publish that one. November 1 comes "Folksongs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales," a big $7.50 job by Doubleday. Cole picked the songs and wrote the notes and introduction for this tome; Norman Monath did the musical arrangements and Edward Artizonne the illustrations.

Verses and songs have always interested Cole. Stationed in Wales during the war, waiting to cross the Channel to Normandy, he learned Welsh songs from a girl there. In this book you'll be able to sing the folksongs in their native language, just by following the phonetics. Welsh is the most difficult

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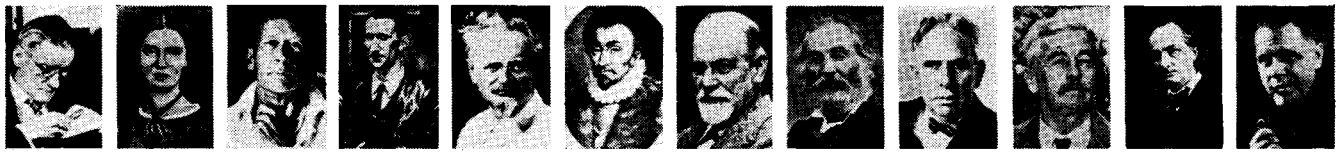

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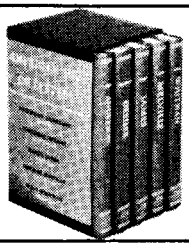

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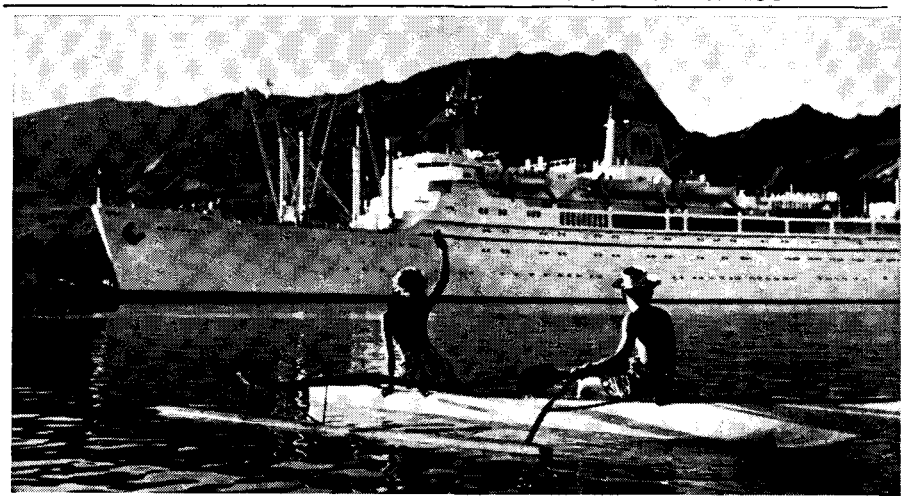

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—JEROME M. BEATTY.

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(July 28, 1961)

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Offhand

LOVE, LIKE KINGS, has too many palaces to be present in all of them all the time. Thus love is known to be mostly not there; which is no reason to let the mob invade and desecrate his palaces. Hence: the importance of servants, guardians, and housekeepers.

SERVANTS CAN tell beautiful tales about their masters. When the masters come back, the story tellers become silent and sad. The masters have invaded the house and killed their images of glory. No one is worth his absence.

OF SKELETONS and closets: everyone has a skeleton in his own closet, said our grandfathers, who were careful to keep their private matters to themselves. How times have changed. Our skeletons walk the streets of the city. No privacy, no sacred areas in our lives, no taboos, no unmentionable words. Is it our fault? No closet space.

HE WHO IS his own servant cannot be his own master. A mere matter of space in our minds. He will *think* kitchen, bathroom, laundry, garbage, instead of thinking living room and library, conversation and paintings, beautiful clothes and flowers. After a very short time he will become the servant of that servant: earn a living for him.

TIME IS MONEY, said our grandfathers. No longer. Money is time: too much of it to make it worth our while.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR as thyself. First of all: where is my neighbor? I commute: he is not in the office, not in the elevator, not at the station, not at home. All the people I meet in those different places are looking for their neighbor as I do. Some of their children, perhaps mine, may drop a bomb, not indeed on their neighbors, but on this tired search for one.

LOVE SO resembles death, and so resembles life, that it cannot be likened to anything, not even to itself.
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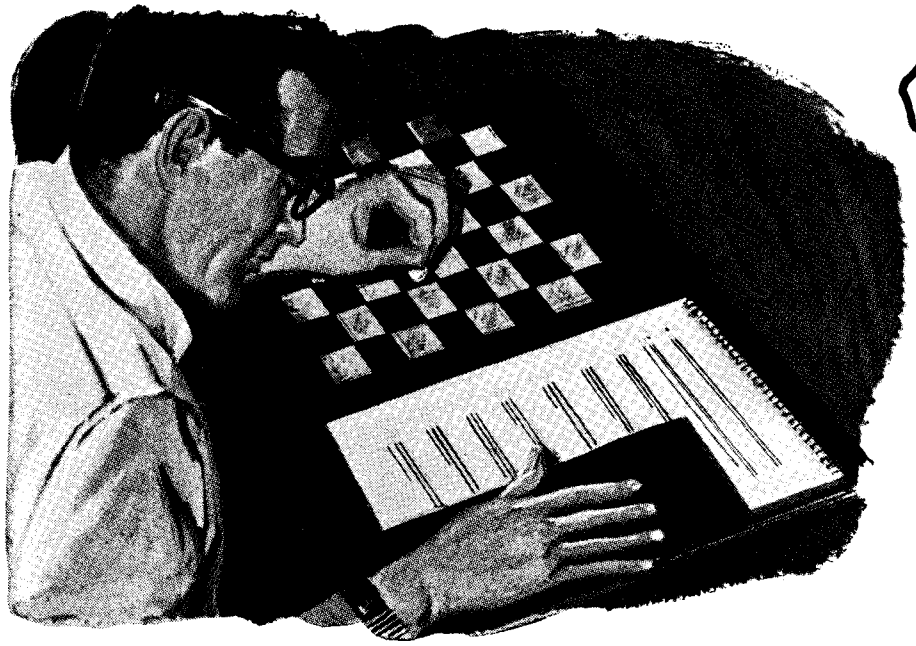

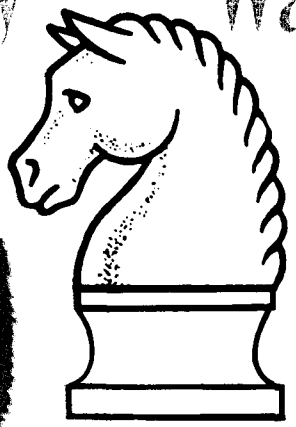

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 28, 1961

THE CITIZEN'S HEALTH:

By ALVIN C. EURICH, *vice president of the Hospital Council of Greater New York, chairman of the National Health Council's Commission on Health Careers, and member of the Surgeon General's Consultant Group on Medical Education. Mr. Eurich is also vice president of the Fund for the Advancement of Education.*

"YOU DON'T want socialized medicine, do you?" This familiar question almost always cuts off further discussion of any proposal to improve health services. It matters little whether the plan being considered deals with better health provisions for the aged, medical examinations and care for school children, a college health plan, the shortage of hospital personnel, the expansion of medical school facilities, or the cost of drugs. The net effect is the same. The implication is that any action by the government is bound to lead to socialized medicine; socialized medicine is bad, and must at all costs be avoided. We are frozen on a plateau of inaction.

But the ground is beginning to crack. We laymen as never before are deeply concerned about individual health. We are keenly aware of spectacular medical advances. Our expectations for the health professions could not be higher. But we have a growing anxiety. If we are to move constructively, we need more reliable information, a down-to-earth analysis of the problems we face, and realistic plans for action. In short, we want, in the health fields as in other areas, the most imaginative and statesmanlike leadership our society can provide.

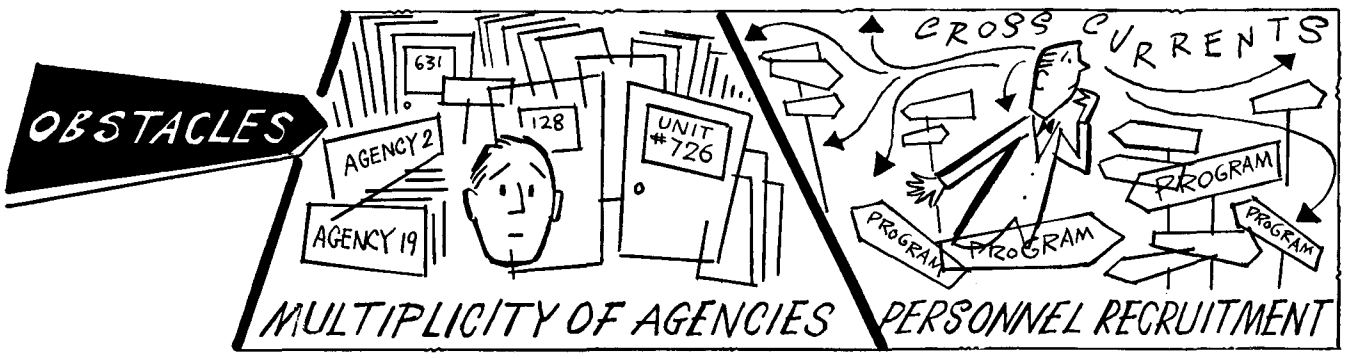
Our concern with health has three dimensions. The first is personal. We are by nature vitally interested in our own individual health and that of our families.

The second is social. We have become more and more solicitous about adequate health services for those who are unable to pay for proper medical care. Americans seem to have decided that medical care is a basic right for citizens. Moreover, the people are ready to act on that assumption. We have realized the truth of Hippocrates's observation that "healing is a matter of time, but it is sometimes also a matter of opportunity."

The third is political. The trials we face in these crucial times demand the greatest possible over-all national strength. For such strength and stamina, the physical and mental health of a nation is basic and indispensable. No wonder we turn to the language of health when we want to describe the prospects and problems of a society, calling it healthy or sick. Literally, as well as figuratively, a nation's welfare depends on the health of its citizens. This principle is ageless. It was well recognized by Disraeli when he wrote: "The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and their powers as a State depend."

To a large extent the phenomenal success of the medical profession is responsible for the confidence the public has placed in our health services. Because our medical scientists have found miraculous cures for some of man's oldest afflictions, the public understandably now expects miracles to cure the rest. This confidence is expressed clearly in the use of physicians' services, which increased for the average person from about 2.5 doctor visits annually in 1930 to 5.3 visits in 1959, the most recent year for which figures are available. Similarly, hospital admissions and average annual days-of-use per person have also jumped significantly. As a result of the expansion in medical services and the amazing discoveries in basic research, health levels in the United States have risen dramatically in recent decades.

But we dare not be complacent. In spite of these enormous strides, we still have urgent health problems in arteriosclerosis, cancer, mental illness,



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WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

arthritis and rheumatic diseases, and neurological diseases such as multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, and cerebral palsy. The public is most aware of these killers and the health professions' efforts to reduce their toll. There are, however, other issues of which the public is not sufficiently aware.

One of these is the approaching crisis in the supply of health personnel—doctors, dentists, nurses, and paraprofessionals. Unless both the public and the health professions take special note of this impending manpower shortage and begin doing something about it, we cannot possibly fulfill our goals for improving health care in the near future.

Conditions in New York City reveal how critical the shortage of personnel has become. More than one-third of the 2,000 staff physicians employed last year by the Department of Hospitals were immigrants whose training was questionable. Since then, many of those trained abroad have had to withdraw from service because of the new examining codes. For other key medical and professional specialities, half to three-fourths of the authorized positions in the municipal hospitals were either vacant or were being filled on a provisional basis.

The nationwide picture is equally alarming. Over the past twenty years the number of approved residencies in hospitals increased 600 per cent while the output of the American medical schools rose only 35 per cent.

The Surgeon General's Consultant Group on Medical Education—the Bane Committee—estimated in 1959 that, in order to maintain our current ratio of physicians to the total population, we will need to graduate from our medical schools 11,000 new doctors annually, which would be 3,600 more than the 7,400 students who now graduate every year. In the mental health field, the personnel shortage is even greater and more acute.

Shortages exist, too, in the auxiliary medical fields. We urgently need more physical therapists, occupational therapists, social workers, speech and hearing therapists, clinical psychologists, and rehabilitation counselors.

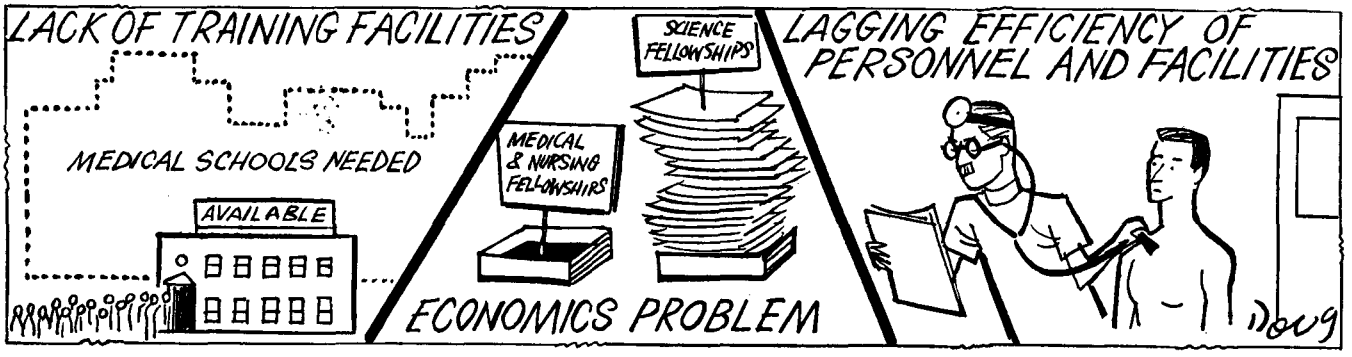
Furthermore, the public is not aware of the decline in the *quality* of students applying to medical schools. If the trend continues, the future health of our nation will be endangered. The lower quality of students becomes evident when one looks at the number of those who withdraw because of failure or low academic standing—a figure that doubled from 1955 to 1958.

Obviously, conditions outside the medical schools are contributing to the medical manpower crisis. The huge allocations of funds for scientific research, for fellowships and scholarships, particularly in physics, chemistry, and the biological sciences, have created many new and lucrative opportunities. Able students with a natural bent toward medicine are tempted into allied fields where the period of training is shorter and the prospects are brighter for establishing a normal home and family life at an earlier age.

Although efforts have been made to reverse the trend, they have fallen short because of inadequate support from the public and the profession. For example, the proposals of both Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy to provide federal aid for the construction of medical facilities and for the training of doctors were not enacted. Recommendations to establish a medical program for the aged have not received Congressional approval. Nor have adequate counterplans been advanced by the profession to provide our older people, who constitute a rapidly increasing proportion of the population, with adequate health services.

Despite recent legislative inaction, the public attitude today is a powerful and growing force for the improvement of our national health. What does the public think about health matters? Some recent surveys, notably those by the Health Information Foundation, have shown that the overwhelming majority of Americans have a profound respect for doctors, facilities, and medical services. When asked if they think that people's chances of having good health today are better, worse, or about the same as they were thirty years ago, five out of six persons answer "better." Even more impressive, when asked simply to identify some of the things that make it easier to have good health today—without any reference to the field of medicine—only one person in five *does not* explain the situation as at least in part the result of the growth or improvement in medical personnel and facilities.

People give much of the credit for the nation's general health during the last half-century to science and the medical profession. This is reflected in the high social status which most citi-



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zens accord the healing professions. A Gallup Poll showed that the profession of "physician" outranked all other professions as "the best field today for a young man starting a career," while the parallel question about girls gave nursing twice as many votes as its closest competitor, teaching.

The average man and woman have also become much more informed about routine health procedures and safeguards. Surveys have shown a strong approval of preventive checkups, professional care for even relatively minor symptoms, and early treatment of major diseases like polio, diabetes, and cancer.

WHEN people look at their local hospitals, again they are favorably impressed. True, they tend to see the hospital as a "neutral institution" which is merely the setting for the doctors and surgeons who really do the healing. Yet they usually rate hospitals quite high: six out of ten people think their hospitals are good or excellent. However, seven out of ten complain about hospital charges. They feel more strongly about hospital and drug costs than they do about medical charges in general, or doctor and dentist fees. In short, most people are satisfied with medical services and treatment, with one exception: the cost is too high.

The people also believe in health insurance. Two out of every three Americans have some type of coverage. Most of them are satisfied with their policies, according to the surveys. When dissatisfied, it is usually because of the limited range of benefits provided by their plans. Significantly, most people do not think of these insurance plans as having any connection with the improvement of their health, but merely as economic protection. Their doctors, however, testify that having insurance affects peoples' willingness to undergo diagnostic procedures, surgery, and the like. In this sense, insurance is a significant factor in a person's health.

These surveys of public attitudes toward health services reflect our free society. We do not rely on the government to force us to act in ways which it deems conducive to health. We are free agents. The public's use of available medical services therefore depends upon education. If, however, we are to achieve the high health levels so necessary today, the public must become more enlightened in matters of personal and public health. Equally essential, informed public opinion on the ways in which health services are made available should be carefully heeded by the medical professions.

But public opinion surveys are most useful when their limitations are fully recognized. They portray the climate but they never yield the answers. They reveal a readiness but they do not provide the creative spark. They show a potential force for change but do not establish the channel for action.

With strikingly favorable public attitudes toward medicine, hospitals, and the health professions, our citizens stand ready to be mobilized in an all-out effort to help lift the entire nation to as yet undreamed-of levels of excellence.

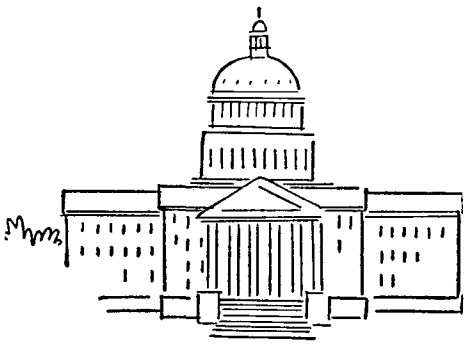
What are the obstacles?

First is the multiplicity of agencies—governmental, professional, voluntary, religious, fund-raising, and recruiting—that confuse the public.

The complexity of governmental units was revealed recently in a study of three metropolitan areas made by the Institute of Public Administration for the Surgeon General's Committee on Mental Health Activities. In the Philadelphia-Camden area alone, 726 distinct governmental units were found, each with its own governing body, procedures and regulations, and financial powers. Many of these were directly concerned with or even engaged in health activities. How can they be coordinated? How can the energies expended through them be harnessed to help solve the most urgent health problems of the entire urban area?

THE array of voluntary agencies is even more of a jumble. Throughout the United States more than 100,000 national, regional, and local voluntary agencies provide health and welfare services. These include fund-raising organizations – each concerned with a particular disease such as heart disease, cancer, arthritis and rheumatism, mental health, cerebral palsy, tuberculosis, and a host of others.

Second is the number of agencies set up to recruit personnel into the health professions. By 1954 only two or three professional societies had organized recruitment programs. Six years later some thirty nationally organized recruitment programs were in operation. We laymen are puzzled with these crosscurrents in the health field.



Third is the lack of facilities for training doctors, dentists, nurses, and other professional and paraprofessional workers. The Surgeon General's Consultant Group on Medical Education recommended that twenty to twenty-four new medical schools should be built and that the existing schools should be expanded in order to meet the need for doctors. If the Federal Government will not provide funds, who will finance the building of them? Are we as a nation so poor that we are willing to jeopardize the future health of our nation by not providing the facilities to train the doctors needed for our exploding population?

Fourth is the problem of the economics of the health professions. Does the shortage of doctors stem from the extremely high cost of medical education? Does the shortage of nurses reflect the relatively low pay? Should they be rewarded on the basis of merit to provide further incentives?

Furthermore, student financial support is inadequate to attract more able people into the health professions. Steps should be taken to correct the imbalance created by our present scholarship and fellowship programs. Fellowships are now plentiful to support students in the sciences. No comparable programs are available in medicine and nursing. Support for first-year students is virtually nonexistent.

Fifth, the efficiency of both health personnel and facilities is lagging. The gap is growing wider and wider between the curing of diseases and the efficient use of people and hospitals. Should we not in this day and age speed up the application of promising new procedures? For example, among the most startling findings from the study of the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health was that "80 per cent of the nation's 277 state mental hospitals had not kept in step with modern advances in treatment and still provide custodial care rather than treatment for their patients." This is shocking in an enlightened society.

There are obviously many obstacles to be overcome and we the public are increasingly restless. Now we are eager to mobilize our feelings into a realistic program of action. After decrying the multiplicity of agencies I hesitate to suggest another, but there is a great waste of human emotion expressing itself by contributing in different directions. What the country needs at this point is an objective and rigorous reappraisal of all our health requirements, and the establishment of priorities among them so that laymen the country

(*Continued on page* 58)

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The Gentle Imposter

By Granville Hicks

HORTENSE CALISHER has been writing distinguished short stories for a number of years, and she has brought to her first novel an unusual degree of maturity. **"False Entry"** (Little, Brown, $5.75) is the work of a writer who knows what she wants to do and how she wants to do it. The style, at least at first, seems rather mannered, and indeed it is involved and allusive, but the further one goes, the more one recognizes how beautifully it suits her purpose.

The novel is the story of a man who calls himself Pierre Goodman. As he makes clear from the outset, he is an onlooker rather than a participant. He is one who receives the confidences of others but gives none of his own. More than that, he lives vicariously, making false entry into the lives of others.

Pierre, originally named something else, was born in England, son of a seamstress and of an army sergeant who had died in discreditable circumstances. Even as a child, he lived a life that was not really his own, thanks to the well-to-do and benevolent Goodman family, from whom he subsequently borrowed his name. When he was ten, he went with his mother to a small town in Alabama, and here also he found well-intentioned persons for whom he could play roles that pleased him.

In Tuscana, in company with an older and more knowing youth, Pierre witnesses a Ku Klux Klan raid. Seven years later, after he has become a student in New York City, he returns to Tuscana because of his mother's fatal illness. On this occasion he testifies before a grand jury with regard to the raid. He testifies, however, not out of his own knowledge but out of the knowledge of his companion, who has long since disappeared. Gifted with an extraordinary memory, Pierre identifies himself completely with Johnny Fortuna, and his testimony has a devastating effect.

The experience teaches Pierre the satisfactions of false entry, and thereafter he frequently engages in this pastime for which temperament and natural gifts have prepared him. Miss Calisher passes lightly over his later years, his wartime adventures and his employment on an encyclopedia. She does give two examples of his method of operation, but she is chiefly concerned with his relations with the Mannix family.

These are central from the beginning, for past and present blend in Pierre's narrative, and in a sense this is a book about the writing of a book. It should be understood that Pierre's intentions are innocent; he merely enjoys seeming to be involved with persons to whom in fact he has no responsibility. When, however, he realizes that he may be falling in love with Ruth Mannix, the situation changes, and it is out of this change that his story—a confession of sorts—develops. Miss Calisher makes her way through a series of ingenious complications to a conclusion that is psychologically and esthetically satisfying.

"Every man," Pierre observes, "even the most coherent, the strongest, has moments when his foot sinks suddenly in that abyss—a voice asking, 'Who am I?' To which echo answers, 'Am I?'" Pierre's problems are not so unusual as he sometimes thinks. If few of us care to or are able to play his role of gentle imposter, all of us are other than we seem, and all of us shrink from the full commitment of the self. Identity is not given us; it is something that we either do or do not achieve. That Miss Calisher can take this familiar truth and make of it something fresh and exciting is proof of her deep insight and her mastery of a most difficult method.

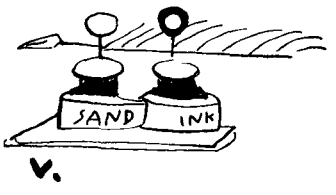
Despite her unconventional way of telling her story, Miss Calisher knows how to make use of the traditional arts of the novelist. Her account of the grand jury hearing, for instance, is a masterpiece of straightforward and irresistible narrative. If her aim is to explore deeply the mysteries of a particular person, she is able to bring minor characters on the stage in such a way that we see them clearly. The novel rewards the closest possible reading, but it can give a more casual kind of pleasure, too.

Charlotte Painter's first novel, **"The Fortunes of Laurie Breaux"** (Little, Brown, $4.75), is also concerned with the problem of identity. Laurie reflects: *"Oh, who am I; where am I?* I had learned the burden of the great world's song." But it is primarily, as the publisher points out, a picaresque novel, with a heroine instead of a hero. Laurie was born in the Deep South—"I was reared to be a Southern belle, but I was lucky, anyhow"—and we are first concerned with the rites of coming-of-age in Louisiana. Then an ill-omened marriage takes her to the dreary campus of a midwestern college. The marriage ends, and we find her a career girl in New York City, playing with the Bohemian fringe. Fortune carries her into the higher reaches of the public relations business, and she travels to a Latin American dictatorship. Next she takes part in an anthropological expedition to an obscure Indian tribe. And the novel ends with her young daughter pertly and pertinently asking, "Well, Mother, what next?"

Laurie is a kind of female counterpart of Saul Bellow's Augie March, and like Augie she remains obstinately herself in spite of all that people and circumstances do to change her. Her problem, however, is not merely the problem of identity; it is the problem of achieving identity in relation to a man. There are many men in her life, and with one of them, an anthropologist named Jonathan Young, she is seriously in love; but the relations between them are difficult, for he too has a problem of identity. Laurie admits her dependence on him, and yet she cannot give up her independence.

The old-fashioned picaresque novel usually ended with the hero settling down, after his many adventures, to domestic bliss. In the modern picaresque novel there is no settling down. Augie March is still, as he says, "going everywhere," and Laurie can only echo her daughter's question, "What next?"

Miss Painter is by no means Miss Calisher's equal as a craftsman, but her writing is lively, and she sweeps the reader along from action to action. Laurie moves through many worlds, as a picaresque heroine should: from Deep South to Middle West, from Greenwich Village flat to Swindle Sheet Court, from a luxury hotel on a Caribbean beach to a tent in a jungle. There is no deep revelation of character; after all, Laurie does not know herself very well, though there are moments when she tries to. But there is a sense of a real person living a life in which excitement and frustration play equal parts.



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The Proof of Life Is in the Loving

"The Empty Canvas," by Alberto Moravia, *translated by Angus Davidson (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 306 pp. $4.50), describes an artist's attempt, and failure, to find self-expression in love. Niccolò Tucci's recently completed novel "Before My Time" will be published by Simon & Schuster next March.*

By Niccolo Tucci

TO TRANSLATE a great writer is not always impossible; to review him in translation means to transport a whole city abroad and show that here he belongs, among these monuments.

Moravia's new novel, "La Noia" ("Boredom"—actually *tedium vitae*), in excellent translation, bears the un-Moravian title "The Empty Canvas."

His earlier novel, "Disprezzo" ("Contempt"), had been hollywoodized as "Ghost at Noon," again a stupid title taken from the one jarring note in the story. Moravia's titles are as dry and essential as he is; why ruin them?

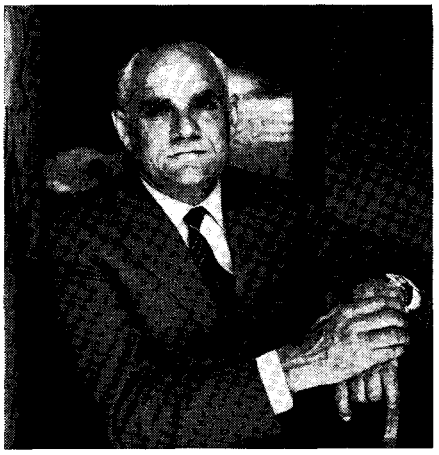
Best title of all would have been "Coito Ergo Sum": the proof of being alive sought in endless copulation. And the void of it all. This is Moravia's greatest book, a deeply moral book. No tract in defense of asceticism could be more eloquent. It is perhaps the truest modern novel, despite certain inadequacies for which we writers may be grateful. He has *not* written the last word. But he could easily have done so.

The book flap says this is the story of a painter who does not paint, who, after plunging into sex up to his ears, attempts suicide, and while recovering sees "the glimmerings of a new moral illumination."

Wrong. If flap-writers pose as critics, let them face the critics, too.

The "painter" theme is the one weak spot in the whole book, and the hospital scene far from illuminating. Moravia never tells us why the painter stopped expressing himself. Had he made the hero a writer (which the painter quite obviously is), nothing would have changed, but how many other things would Moravia have had to say! And on very touchy subjects, too. Why deny himself the pleasure?

Moravia champions autobiographical writing. "Not that I believe in writing about oneself all the time," he specifies. "I mean, rather, that the writer should become the person he is writing about. In my work, I impersonate waiters, mechanics, prostitutes, men and women you meet on any corner." And how about Moravia, one might ask? Isn't he much more interesting to us *on account of his genius* than waiters, prostitutes, and mechanics? Let these speak for themselves if they care to. (Remember Mary McCarthy's "ventriloqual acts"?) This fragmentation of a writer into so many abstract first persons is too easy and too convenient. No one is taken in by such "loans of sincerity," which simply cover up what they mean to uncover. Imagine Anna Karenina sliced into autobiographies. Nonsense! When we are really talking about ourselves, we instinctively say "he," to make sure we are objective, and not just pretending. In "La Noia" it is obvious that Dino, far



THE AUTHOR: In his modest apartment around the corner from Rome's Piazza del Popolo, Alberto Moravia, relaxed but rarely smiling, was discussing his latest and perhaps most controversial novel, "The Empty Canvas," which has already attained record sales in Italy of more than 100,000 copies. "People say that it is my sexiest book, and they are correct. But it is also my most chaste. By definition, the realistic novel should describe anything if it is necessary without any ideological or moral limitations. If sex is not necessary, it is merely pornography."

Moravia continued, "Dino, the painter, is seeking to express reality. He falls in love with a girl of seventeen, half his age. With the girl, the problem of expression repeats itself. He wants to possess her, for expression begins with possession. He believes that he can achieve this by going to bed with her. But the reverse occurs. Because in love, as in art, possession is possible only by contemplation. This is the theme.

"'The Empty Canvas' should be viewed as a novel and also as an essay on artist and matter, subject and reality. The Italian title of the book is 'La Noia'—boredom. Boredom in my book is the interruption of relationship between man and reality."

The novelist looked out the window at the people scurrying about in the Roman street below. "Frankly, I think that part of the success of the book in Italy was due to its title. Most people are bored, and as civilization becomes more and more mechanized they will become more and more bored. Nature is the only thing that is not boring—a cat, a tree, for example. It's a pity, but Italy is becoming increasingly mechanized. New concrete buildings, glass fronts, gas pumps. Prosperity now, but it was poverty that saved the country during the nineteenth century. Towns grew by centuries, not by years and months."

Italian literature, however, is not commercialized at the moment, Moravia feels. "Everyone is working very hard. The new names to watch are Pasolini [whose "A Violent Life" will be published later this year by Pantheon], Arbasino [author of "The Anonymous Lombardian"] — and La-Capria ["The Death Wound"]. French literature, I think, is easier to export because there are schools. In Italy there is only anarchy."

Bids for the film rights to "The Empty Canvas" are already coming in, but, as with his previous books, Moravia will refuse to work on the screen adaptation. "A novel must be changed

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from bored, is passionately interested in his boredom and won't let go of it until he knows why boredom exists. Were Moravia the stupid sex-automaton he calls Dino, who would have given him the genius to describe nature as he does (page 268: a masterpiece), or to define boredom (page 6) as the mainspring of all history? Autobiography, my foot! This is ghost writing! If that figment is possible, then the pastoral scenes at Versailles, as depicted in porcelain, *do* represent the happy lower classes of eighteenth-century France!

The whole first chapter of this book is high poetry. (Moravia has an ancient quarrel with poetry. For years he wrote a very ugly Italian *on purpose*, to rescue the language from Arcadian paralysis and teach it how to walk and *narrate*. He has done it.) And great, indeed monumental, is Cecilia, who, of course, has some elements of Lolita and Bardot because these are attempts at what Moravia alone has really given us in terms of modern *femalehood*: victims of that same *tedium vitae* and addicts of that same *ergo sum* that makes painters not paint and writers not write. Theirs are no life experiences, but leakages of life, tentative trips into the world of womanhood, too big for them. And of course they are stupid. Cecilia is stupid, Lolita is stupid, Bardot of "The Truth" is stupid, and yet they are all consistently clever:

(*Continued on page* 34)

when it is transposed to the screen. If I wanted to write it differently, I would have done so in the first place. Usually, if I have an idea for a screen play, I write it as a short story and sell that."

In front of him on the mahogany desk is the manuscript of the new novel Moravia is working on. But first another work is scheduled: "It is a book of essays, 150 pages or so on India. I spent last January and February there. It is probably the country where religion has its deepest roots, but Indian philosophy is not as well known as one might think. Ah, that poor Taj Mahal; it's like the Tower of Pisa here. It is the thing everyone goes to see.

"As with many neo-realist writers," he said, "I have been criticized as being too much of a pessimist. True. For to be a man is automatically not to be happy. That is the human situation." Then he turned and looked somewhat wistfully at his large, white, angora-like cat that had just entered the room.

—Jerry Bauer.

CRUSADERS

American Leader at Large

Norman Thomas—". . . a conscience of the American people."

"Norman Thomas, Respectable Rebel," by Murray B. Seidler *(Syracuse University Press. 368 pp. $5.50), gives the life story of the Socialist leader who for his intelligence and integrity is admired by men of all shades of political thought. Harvey J. Bresler writes extensively on economic subjects.*

By Harvey J. Bresler

THIS LATEST volume in the fine series "Men and Movements" is the life story of the man known to millions as "Mr. Socialist." It is also a blow-by-blow account of the events leading to the demise of the American Socialist Party, a decline so profound —relative to the period of its golden days in the early 1900s—that in the 1956 Presidential election the Socialist ticket polled only 2,044 votes. It thus provides a clinical study of how excessive factionalism can wreck a political party. And, as an anonymous writer once put it, Socialists "have been distinguished by an inherent ability to engage in abstruse, doctrinal controversies till half-past Armageddon."

Norman Thomas, regarded by many as the outstanding liberal of our time, was the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers and was educated at Princeton, hardly a crucible for radical ideas. Enrolled at Union Theological Seminary, then a rather heterodox institution, Thomas was profoundly influenced by the Christian Socialists, who persuaded him that the teachings of Jesus Christ were incompatible with the materialistic base of capitalism. Ordained a minister in 1911, Thomas was soon to leave his post as Associate Minister of the fashionable Brick Presbyterian Church for the greater challenge of a parish in New York's East Harlem. In this socially and economically submerged environment, he was moved by the "grotesque inequalities, conspicuous waste and unnecessary poverty" around him. When World War I and America's entry into it affronted his deep-rooted pacifism, the young minister was ready for complete conversion to the Movement.

Thomas was the titular head of the American Socialist Party through forty long years of fratricidal intra-party strife, with its schisms, splits, and splinterings. For most of that time he was engaged in enervating battles with the Communists and their various proliferating sects. Yet throughout all this travail, Thomas wore gracefully his mantle as the leading spokesman for American socialism, a role he played well because of his keen mind, integrity, and unusual literary skills. Undeniably his greatest gift is that of oratory. Communications experts and students of speech have marveled at his forensic talents. As the author points out, and millions can attest, to hear him from the lecture platform is a stirring experience.

Norman Thomas is respected by distinguished personages of all shades of the economic and political spectrum. To many Presidents he has been a sort of "left-wing" Bernard Baruch. On the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, the Washington *Post* said editorially, ". . . above all else he has been a conscience of the American people . . . among the most influential individuals in twentieth century politics. . . . We join great numbers of his fellow Americans in congratulating the country on having him as a leader at large."

Will the verdict of history accept the greatness of Norman Thomas as a

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"leader at large" of the American people? If eloquent criticism of our society and the championing of its unpopular causes is the test, one can agree with the *Post* editorial. But is it? A perceptive thinker, Dr. Stanko Vujica of Wilkes College, has said, "the greatest problem of our age . . . is how to preserve man's humanity and to prevent the erosion of spiritual and moral values. The age . . . needs desperately a philosophy that makes living worthwhile — a life-giving philosophy, a tremendous vision, a robust faith, a call to an heroic mission, a challenge of a truly human message." If this is the valid criterion for great leadership in these troubled times, one is inclined to question whether Norman Thomas qualifies. Has his contribution not been primarily negativistic? Where it has been positive, has it not concerned itself with political mechanics rather than moral issues? The great dissenter, the respectable rebel—most certainly. The "leader at large"—one is inclined to wonder.

At all events, this is a most competent job of research and skilful, objective writing.

A Climate of Protest

"Great Dissenters," by Norman Thomas *(Norton. 220 pp. $4), discusses five nonconformists, from Socrates to Gandhi, whose challenges to society were for constructive ends. Maxine Greene teaches literature and philosophy at the NYU School of Education.*

By Maxine Greene

IT IS, of course, peculiarly appropriate for Norman Thomas to remind us now of certain great dissenters of the remote and immediate past. It is also appropriate for him to write of those whose dissents were founded in commitments to particular "truths." At a time of critical clamor from left and right, he is redefining the image of the man who challenges not for the sake of challenge, but for a heartfelt cause. In a sense, he is explaining himself and distinguishing himself from those who make their living by criticizing without advocating "specific substitutes for our present conformities."

Knowing how easy it has been to criticize the affluent society and its organization men, we cannot but sympathize. We are only too well aware of the "conformity of anti-conformity" in the singular or in Thomas's plural form. This writer is both critic *and* advocate; and we are, at first, inclined to feel that no one has a better right to talk about dissent. If any American has seniority in the company of crusading critics, Norman Thomas does. He has been working in that company since the First World War, when he gave up the Presbyterian pulpit for the Socialist rostrum and began the long fight on behalf of pacifism, civil liberties, and economic reforms. Since 1924, when he succeeded Eugene Debs as the head of the Socialist Party, he has been the spokesman for evolutionary, non-totalitarian socialism; and this has given him an almost symbolic role. The fact that he is presently so respected and respectable is, in part, a tribute to his acumen and temperate eloquence. But it may also be (and Norman Thomas might agree) a sign of a vitality we have lost.

He is "safe" these days, a liberal member of the loyal opposition, even when he speaks out against nuclear testing, and whenever he writes one of his potent letters to the *Times*. This is partially the work of history; it is also the consequence of a political credo which, distinctive though it may be, has necessarily been explicitly anti-Communist. This gives Mr. Thomas a paradoxical acceptability: the things he says for his own ideological reasons merge with the utterances of a majority that includes many of those whose beliefs have generated his dissents. The book at hand may well have been prompted by this odd merger. It would appear that the author intends his work as a testament for our time.

Viewed as popular history or biography, "Great Dissenters" is simply a retelling of tales from the mainstream of tradition, since the five heroes he has chosen will be familiar to most of his readers. Socrates, Galileo, and Tom Paine arouse nearly universal admiration by now; Wendell Phillips appears in many a Northern hall of fame; and Gandhi has become for increasing numbers a kind of secular saint. Mr. Thomas depends almost entirely on autobiographical materials and on others' researches, and he is modest enough to admit in a preface that he has done no "fresh work" on the sources gathered for him.

The point, then, is that "Great Dissenters" does not presume to be a contribution to scholarship; it is not even offered as a contribution to reportage. Convinced as he is that the most meaningful dissent is the kind that is "necessary to advance the truth" to which the dissenter is devoted, the author uses an entirely personal standard of selection and an idiosyncratic, musing approach. For example, he excludes Thomas Jefferson from consideration, because Jefferson worked not to impose his own truth but to enable the many to seek and utter theirs. Also, he leaves out such men as Luther, Calvin, Karl Marx, and "our own Gene Debs," because he sees them not as true dissenters but as "leaders of movements which soon established their own conformities."

Questions regarding the relation between commitment and toleration keep teasing as one reads of the "gadflies" and of the need for them and for constant reappraisal of the values in any culture. Using such sources as Herbert J. Muller and A. E. Taylor, Mr. Thomas does full justice to Socrates, that greatest of gadflies, even though he comments, "I confess that I have never been greatly drawn to Socrates except in the final scenes of his life." The essay on Galileo, drawn largely from the recent remarkable work by Giorgio de Santillana, reads like a drama, with the author playing the role of mildly displeased chorus. Paine and Phillips come almost brightly to life. Because the last piece grew during talks with Louis Fischer about Mahatma Gandhi, it tends to have a topical, multidimensional quality and to capture more of the author's warm idealism than do the others, who, after all, are farther away from us.

THE book lacks a conclusion and thus seems formless; but this, too, may be Mr. Thomas's intention. He has given us a pleasant series of "récits" from the flow of his thinking and doing. He knows that even in a climate of rising protest we need reminding of what commitment ought to mean. If he reaches the young, as he should, and the seekers among us, all of us may be a little better for it. There are more scrupulous works on his subjects, such as Charles A. Madison's "Critics and Crusaders" and Stewart Holbrook's "Dreamers of the American Dream"; but there are none with Norman Thomas's special sort of dedication, and few with such insistent overtones.

"What is not healthy," he writes, "is that we do not even ask. . . ." He would have us question; and if at the very least he moves us to wonder, his book will have done its job.

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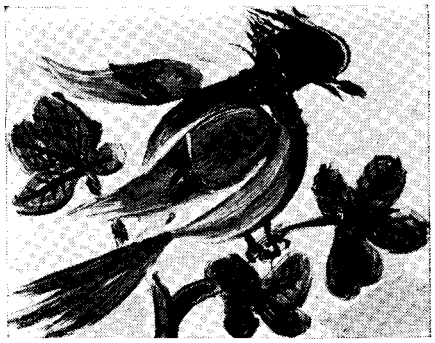
The Painter's Paintings



One of Picasso's "Picassos" (untitled).

"Picasso's Picassos," by David Douglas Duncan *(Harper. 271 pp. $30), catalogues in reproductions and descriptions the master's own private collection of his works. SR's art editor Katharine Kuh has long advanced the cause of modern art as writer, museum curator, and gallery director.*

By Katharine Kuh

IF ONE thinks that everything there is to say about Picasso has been said, this book scarcely proves otherwise. But if one thinks that everything there is to see by him has been seen, then "Picasso's Picassos" is a magnificent denial. For here 102 splendid color photographs of works from the artist's own hidden collection are augmented by a valuable sixty-page black-and-white catalogue of over 500 pictures documenting every Picasso painting stashed away in his Riviera villa, La Californie.

The photographer David Douglas Duncan, who was responsible for the recent illuminating photo story "The Private World of Pablo Picasso," now comes up with something far more ambitious. In "Picasso's Picassos" about the only task Duncan did not take on himself was the actual printing of the book. As photographer, art director, and author all in one, he comes off admirably in the first role if a bit disastrously in the last. For, with the exception of certain interesting factual notes, most of the text (fortunately brief) is larded with final opinions and self-conscious pseudo-poetic superlatives. Duncan, as the visual biographer of the "Maestro" (a term he severely overworks), gives one the uneasy feeling that he considers himself "the chosen, the anointed" of God. Surely Picasso least of all needs such pompous paraphernalia.

But despite purple prose and occasional posturing, Duncan has given us a great book, produced so beautifully as to be worthy of its subject. Throughout, the utmost care has been lavished on details and technical processing, whetting our appetite for the possible experience of some day seeing the original treasures now secreted in La Californie. What really makes this de luxe volume sing, however, is "the old Maestro" himself, who again emerges as an artist of indescribable power, intuition, invention, vitality, and compassion. The works he has deliberately chosen to keep for himself are a revealing chronological record of his reactions to his own intimate world and to the troubled history of our times. Some are poignant personal notes about his children, about certain of the women he has loved, about small familiar daily objects. Others are large, heroic, occasionally ferocious compositions mirroring at once his despair and his extraordinary buoyancy.

And yet no startling new facets to Picasso's personality have been uncovered. Those who have closely followed his work in a succession of international one-man shows are familiar with his dynamic progression. If these 500-odd paintings hidden at La Californie do not change our estimate of him, they do reinforce it. Here is further cumulative evidence of his main drives; though, as might be expected, the years 1901 until the early Twenties are less impressively represented than later periods. No doubt most of these pivotal works were sold when the artist still needed money.

At the villa, portrait heads seem to predominate, often of a particularly personal nature. Whether painting his chil-

—Photos by David Douglas Duncan

(Above) Picasso, with his painting "Urchin of Vaurenargues."

(Right) Picasso relaxes in his studio.

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dren, his friends, bulls, still lifes, or landscapes, almost invariably Picasso is involved with fragmented, fractured, rotating, restless forms. Rarely, indeed, do we see only one side, one aspect of an object. There is no other artist in the entire twentieth century who has so fully explored the mysteries of simultaneous vision. And why not? Wasn't it he, after all, who invented the idea?

The book also includes several remarkable full-page color photographs of the painter at work and at leisure. Here Duncan does a superb job, interpreting his highly photogenic sitter in a variety of fleeting moods that parallel the shifting nuances in Picasso's paintings. Who else can turn from lyricism to violence, from introspection to flamboyance so quickly and so totally? If Duncan seems over-modest, he is not far from right when he finds Picasso "too mercurial to be trapped by any lens."

Above, untitled painting. Below, David Douglas Duncan and Pablo Picasso, photographed by Gjon Mili.

Art Against Itself?

"Classic, Romantic and Modern," by Jacques Barzun *(Little, Brown. 234 pp. $5), deplores the contemporary artist's rejection of Romanticism and urges its revival. James Gray, formerly a professor of English at the University of Minnesota, wrote "On Second Thought."*

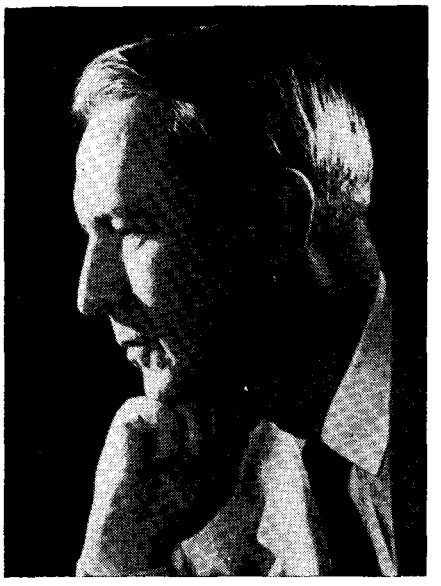
By James Gray

WITH THIS book Professor Barzun of Columbia University has dropped a small but highly effective bomb. The aim of his maneuver is to clear away a waste land from the realm of thought, to the end that when the neighboring soil shall be no longer soured by distrust and denial it may become green and fertile once more.

It is the severe judgment of this cultural historian that in all the dreary time since the beginning of World War I the conspicuous figures among mankind's spokesmen, its artists, have suffered from a low-grade infection of disillusionment. Barzun was convinced of this in 1943 when he published the greater part of this diagnostic study in another book under a different title. He was concerned then chiefly, perhaps, with the lassitude and the defeatism that had permitted the rise of the dictatorships. But today he sees no improvement, rather an even more general deterioration. He lately reaffirmed his opinion in an essay published by the English magazine *Encounter*. This re-examination, now called "Epilogue: Romanticism in 1960," gives the new book its final statement.

Art, Barzun believes, has turned against itself with a perversity that can be explained only by the pervasive influence of a death wish loosed in many minds by the conditions of our time. Poets, musicians, philosophers, interpreters all, have taken as archenemy the tradition of the recent past. They have ridiculed its purposes with a strange spoliative fervor and reduced contemplation to a "chaos of complaint."

It is the revolt of the twentieth-century artist against Romantic thought that is Barzun's central theme. This has been represented by its leaders—T. S. Eliot, to name the most influential among them—as a movement of piety intended to put down the heresies of such Romantics as Shelley, whom Matthew Arnold called an "ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings in vain."



Jacques Barzun—broad erudition.

Barzun's ardent wish would be for a revival of such vanity. In his view Romantic thought has been the true agent of discovery, tutor to imagination, fashioner of beautiful forms, accelerator of motion, champion of resourcefulness and courage in the advancement of man as a creature exultantly alerted to the opportunities of his world. Challenging the sullen current of contemporary opinion, Barzun insists that "the Romantics went forth on their adventures with an expressive purpose that was by turns or together moral, social, political, psychological or esthetic. They were working for the sake of new institutions at an improved definition of Man. . . ."

The inheritors of this tradition have chosen to repudiate it. Seeming to fear the creative spirit, they have strangely admired the immaculateness of impotence. In claiming kinship of the spirit with Dante, Dryden, and Bach, they have misinterpreted the temper of their masters. These, Barzun reminds us, were no aloof and elegant prophets of doom but "determined utopians encouraged by a vision ahead."

Dissimilarly, the artists of our time "want to carry nothing forward but to

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get rid of all their esthetic and intellectual lumber; they have no public hope for they feel soiled and guilty from contact with any part of existing society."

The pitiful result is that the organic link of art to life has been ruthlessly cut. The high priests of the cult have devoted themselves to the celebration of this grim act of sacrifice. Lesser men, all the way down the line to the most trivial of performers, have concerned themselves with various ways of mechanizing, diminishing, vulgarizing art to the end that its utterance may have "no-meaning." As Barzun says, "Their work is all denial. Success means to create a blank, a void."

Though he is well aware that the materials of his discussion are explosive, Barzun may very well reject the suggestion that he has deliberately dropped a bomb. As a cultural historian he is conscious of the inevitability of change and he can wait for time to make a new start. The "most violent of endings have sequels," and "periods of absorption alternate with periods of elimination." The creative impulse must endure in "the common memory," and "if we are assured of this we may suppose the birth of a new consciousness [to be] not far off."

The purpose of his discussion is not to create a sensation; its tone is judicious. In the midst of an enormous act of repudiation on his own part Professor Barzun remains poised and patient. There is a stinging lash to his irony, yet he lays on his blows with a contemplative calm from which personal vindictiveness is wholly absent. Even those whom he accuses of having assumed tormented poses cannot make the counter-accusation that he is striking an attitude inspired by bias or limited preference. His own sympathies are generous, and the breadth of his eudition may be suggested by the fact that the notes and index to this small book bulk as large as the text itself.

Many who have watched the performance of the anti-artists with wonder at their lack of any urgency or exultation, with impatience at their air of majestic irresponsibility, or with blank misgiving in the face of their negations and denials, will be grateful that an objection, at once so downright and so scrupulously considered, has been made at last.

For final word Barzun suggests that if we must believe our leading artists when they tell us that art is dead, we may at least raise the hopeful cry, "Art is dead, long live the arts." He might have put it in another way that would contain a reference no less pertinent: When half-hearted artists go, the artists arrive.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Committed to the Incredible

"Ripley: The Modern Marco Polo," by Bob Considine *(Doubleday. 214 pp. $3.95), reveals a man who longed to make his life as improbable as the oddities he became famous for unearthing. Wilson Sullivan is assistant editor of the Winchester (Mass.) Star.*

By Wilson Sullivan

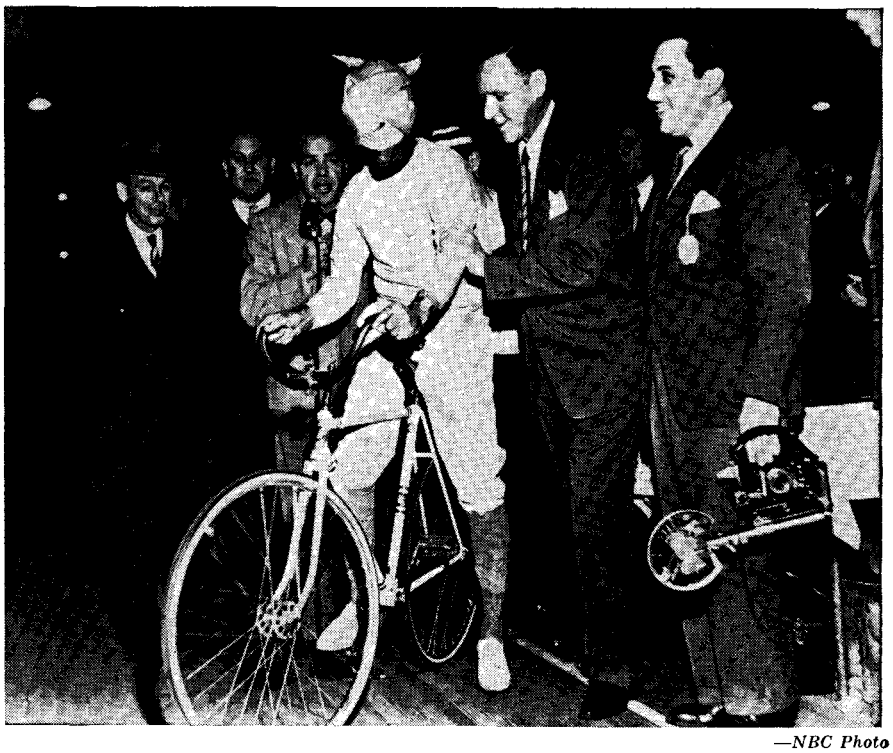
THE ONLY too credible life and times of Robert L. Ripley are pasted together by journalist Bob Considine in "Ripley, the Modern Marco Polo." It should be said at once that the only similarity between the millionaire cartoonist and the Venetian merchant involves a penchant for travel and a weakness for less subtle aspects of Chinese culture.

In this slight if dutiful book, Mr. Considine follows the fortunes of "Rip" from his sports cartoon days on the San Francisco *Bulletin* to his reign as an egg-roll Mandarin, milking porpoises for Radio U.S.A. and getting more mail than the President.

The portrait of Ripley that bubbles up from this porridge of anecdotes is that of an erotic boy of consistent vulgarity, confusing "tonnage with taste," alternately tight and sadistically generous. The word "portrait," perhaps, is too heroic. Mr. Considine's book is more like a pencil sketch, concerned less with depth than with outline. It fails utterly to account for what made this man tick, and, more important, why breadline America paid him $500,000 a year.

As for so much Americana, Mr. Considine says, we have Mr. Hearst to thank for Robert L. Ripley. It was Hearst who first syndicated "Believe It Or Not." It was Hearst, plus a club of P.R.-hangers-on, who put Ripley's shows on the road and Ripley into a twenty-nine-room mansion on Long Island Sound stocked with hooch and harem, where he entertained friends with six-chef cookouts.

In his best sentences, Mr. Considine says that "Rip" had a knack for giving "a new twist to the commonplace," for contriving a "bald denial of something which had been accepted for generations as true." Washington, he announced, was *not* the first President of the United States, nor did Colonel



—NBC Photo

Bob Considine with blindfolded cyclist, Kuda Bux at the 1949 six-day bicycle race which was televised on Ripley's program.

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Lindbergh make the first flight across the Atlantic. While you caught your breath and checked your indignation, Ripley explained that Maryland's John Hanson was President of the United States under the Articles of Confederation, and that Lindbergh made merely the first *solo* flight over the sea. One could scarcely call Ripley a fraud for such bubble-busters, but they were, after all, rather less than direct.

When such prep-school nihilism palled, Ripley scoured the world by camel train and donkey for tall tales: a hen in Maine that laid empty eggs, a man who stared at the sun for fifteen years, or a one-armed Massachusetts paper-hanger with, of course, the hives. Or he turned pragmatic: it takes two years to make a billiard ball; pencils are filled with graphite. Backed to the wall for fresh stuff, he'd inform you, without evident shame, that Old Man River is a woman—"Mrs. Sippi."

If, even as a Harvard or Yale man, you've been puzzled by the fact that Dartmouth gave Ripley an honorary M.A.—gifts aside—Mr. Considine's book provides the answer. According to Mr. Considine, Rip had much of that talent increasingly prized by American educators: the will to accept anything in print as authentic. "The truth," Mr. Considine urges in a sage departure from text, "was that Ripley believed everything." His mind was "uncluttered by culture, which meant that everything was new to him." His success was, of course, assured by the fact that it would also be new to almost everyone else.

His friends knew it, and a sensible reader cannot escape it: Ripley felt a tiresome compulsion to make his life as improbable as his cartoons. Sideshow freaks might swallow lemons and swords. Charlemagne, through Ripley's magical math, might have sat on his throne for 351 years. But Ripley seemed committed to being his own best "Believe It Or Not."

Unfortunately for Mr. Considine and his readers, he failed. It is true he plied a Diesel-engined Chinese junk from New York to Palm Beach, sail against the wind. His mansion at Mamaroneck was something of a monument to garish fantasy. And Ripley carried off what is surely the world's penultimate attire: "a pale-blue shirt, a batwing tie of flaming orange, a plaid jacket, faun-colored slacks, and black and white sport shoes."

But in his thirst for personal incredibility Ripley inevitably fell short of the man from Detroit who hypnotized fish. He succeeded only in perfecting an already terrible crudeness: lecturing his guests on the nature of Chinese food, course by course, *as they ate it;* feeding his pet boa constrictor live rabbits after protesting his fondness for animals; insulting his Chinese consort before guests while declaring his primary love for China. The effect was pure *opera bouffe,* a private and pitiful drama unrelieved by intermission and a curtain's descent.

Given Mr. Considine's verbal facility, the national thirst for kicks, and the still unexplained Ripley, it seems likely that this book will sell. A deeper, more clinical study might, one day, be attempted. It would tell us, perhaps, more about ourselves than about Ripley, which would be all to the good.

FROM DEVONSHIRE PLACE TO BAKER STREET: The names of four fictional characters are known to "over ninety per cent of the population," asserts Hesketh Pearson in **"Conan Doyle"** (Walker, $5). The four are Romeo, Shylock, Robinson Crusoe, and Sherlock Holmes. While Mr. Pearson's poll was probably not as scientifically taken as it would have been under a Gallup-Roper condominium, most of us will certainly accept it as reasonably accurate, and some of us might even boost the figure to 95.4 per cent.

But to his creator, Sherlock Holmes came, in time, to be an enduring nuisance. If Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle had opened his professional career with a bang, Sherlock Holmes would never have been born. "My rooms in Devonshire Place," Doyle wrote later, "consisted of a waiting-room and a consulting-room, where I waited in the consulting-room and no one waited in the waiting-room." The neighbors' reluctance to penetrate beyond the gleaming doorplate (polished by the doctor himself in the dead of night) is perhaps history's finest example of a blessing in disguise.

It is pleasant to hear Mr. Pearson

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TERMINAL TRANSFORMATIONS

Here are pairs of words (plus two triplets as a wind-up) which become different words by the process of altering the first and last letters in each pair (or trio). (Examples: *history, distort; candid, bandit; tigresses, digressed.*) This week's assortment, prepared by Robert E. Stevens of Carson City, Nevada, lists, as the first unit in each group, a girl's name. Answers on page 58.

1. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — laughing ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
2. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — entombed ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
3. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — assemblage ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
4. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — tinted ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
5. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — suitable to an offspring ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
6. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — ruddy ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
7. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — utterance of dissatisfaction ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
8. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — Rome vs. Carthage, 216 B.C. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
9. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — spring-blooming bulb plant ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
10. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — general tendencies ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
11. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — specialized vocabulary ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
12. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — long fur-lined outer cloak ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
13. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — burdensome ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
14. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — simple, hearty, unashamed ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
15. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — expression of approval ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
16. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — wed ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
17. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — invigorating medicines ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
18. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — become forgiving ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
19. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — announcing ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
20. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — final statements of accounts ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
21. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ — nakedness ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___; outcast ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___; lasso ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___

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sounding a trumpet blast for that other Doyle *Strand Magazine* hero, Brigadier Etienne Gerard, soldier of the Empire (in France, a brigadier is not a brigadier general). Gerard, like D'Artagnan and Cyrano, has his historical prototype. The seventeen Gerard stories (there are sixty Holmes stories) "have a zest and a naturalism," says Mr. Pearson, "that lift Doyle right above his more sober historical romances." Yet Doyle himself grieved that "The White Company" and "Sir Nigel" were not more widely acclaimed. How he had sweated over *those*—and the units in the Holmes canon had been dashed off, negating Sheridan's famous observation that "easy writing's curst hard reading."

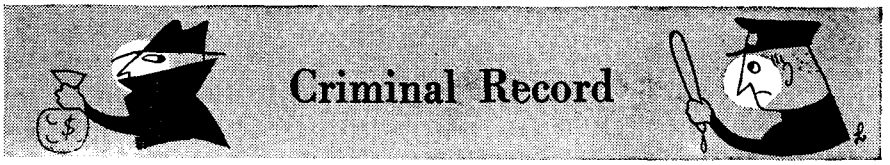
SIR ARTHUR's career is the story of a richly deserved success achieved according to the grand old Alger formula (British variant). He was a good man, and for once, at least, the story of a good man makes exciting reading, for his life was spiced with a fine variety of adventure and getting-about. He was handy with his dukes, too, and on proper occasion put that handiness to the test.

Mr. Pearson's short biography, written with his customary crisp and occasionally tart vivacity, and pinked with telling jabs at bureaucrats and military minds, was first published in England in 1943. The delay in issuing it here, unchanged save for the omission of a paragraph of acknowledgments, was due to family troubles (and not the Pearson family).

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

—*Bettman Archive.*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on his way to the United States about 1930.



ONE NIGHT IN JULY: THE TRUE STORY OF THE ROSENTHAL-BECKER MURDER CASE. *By Jonathan Root. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. Slaying of Manhattan gambler in 1912 sent four gunmen to Sing Sing's electric chair and, a year later, a police lieutenant. Excellent job of turning an involved, highly-populated, famous affair into a narrative of manageable proportions.

THE CASE OF THE BIGAMOUS SPOUSE. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $2.95. Ham Burger, D.A., L.A., undergoes expected frustration when Perry Mason, confronted by Lieutenant Tragg, L.A.P.D., and 100G lawsuit, saves usual handsome gal from gas chamber. Hero's 65th job finds him still in there pitching.

BROWNSTONE GOTHIC. *By Elizabeth Shenklin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. New Hampshire widow, taking post as companion with wealthy New York family (time is 1871), runs into involvements that trigger sudden death. Fine period piece has large cast.

DARK LANTERN. *By Christopher Short. Scribners.* $2.95. English novelist, nested in Bavarian hideout, sees cliff-top murder, tells cops, and tangles self in neo-Nazi shenanigans. Engaging landscape plus good action.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE. *By Stewart Sterling. Random House.* $2.95. Old woman's death in dingy Manhattan tenement takes suspicious Fire Marshal Ben Pedley into ritzier neighborhood in search for arsonist. Smoke-eaters will rejoice.

THE HOUSE OF SOLDIERS. *By Andrew Garve. Harper.* $3.50. Plan to take over Ireland gives innocent archeologist and family some bad moments in ancient campsite outside Dublin; there are dead. Builds up to smashing climax.

CERTAIN SLEEP. *By Helen Reilly. Random House.* $2.95. Death of heiress at Connecticut inn interests Inspector McKee of New York Homicide (who happens to be driving by). Suffers from population explosion.

THE AFFAIR OF THE RED MOSAIC. *By Patrick O'Malley. Morrow.* $2.95. Suspicion of Russian espionage activity brings Messrs. Harrigan and Hoeffler (something decidedly different in the way of counter-agents) hotfooting it to Los Alamos, New Mexico. You'll either love it or loathe it.

MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD. *By Carlton Keith. Crime Club.* $2.95. Jeff Green, New York handwriting expert, essays private-eye role when electronics engineer vanishes in New Jersey waters; action also takes in Maryland and Delaware. Staunch and seaworthy.

ELLERY QUEEN'S 16th MYSTERY ANNUAL. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Random House.* $3.95. Twenty-two tales, many by English and American name-writers, make up this fine packet from EQ's *Mystery Magazine;* bonus is previously unpublished tale by Dashiell Hammett.

DANGEROUS TO LEAN OUT. *By Kevin Fitzgerald. Macmillan.* $2.95. Murder in English church (during wedding, no less) takes Yard's Special Agent Bernard Feston to Winnipeg, then Athens, on trail of big dough stolen in Cleveland; Jamaica also involved. Fine if you enjoy traveling. (There's good action, too.)

ROGUE'S RANSOM. *By Gordon Ashe. Crime Club.* $2.95. British couple's Pyrenees honeymoon is canceled when bride is kidnapped; Yard Ace Pat Dawlish journeys to border country. Lively goings-on, but emotion abounds.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE. *By Jeffrey Ashford. Harper.* $3.50. Hood confesses robbery to young English barrister but insists latter must get him off or else; police work is largely in hands of sergeants and constables (they do all right). Sensitive and adroit, with fine terminal twist.

BEWARE OF MIDNIGHT. *By John Welcome. Knopf.* $2.95. Englishman framed in manslaughter rap serves time, tries hermit life in Ireland, then shifts to Spain as hope of vindication grows. Scenery much more agreeable than characters.

MURDER FORESTALLED. *By Peter Chester. Roy.* $2.95. Johnny Preston, West Coast peeper, called into blackmail case, finds his job is to tag blackmailer's killer, which he duly does. Chatty.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Shelters, Survival, and Common Sense

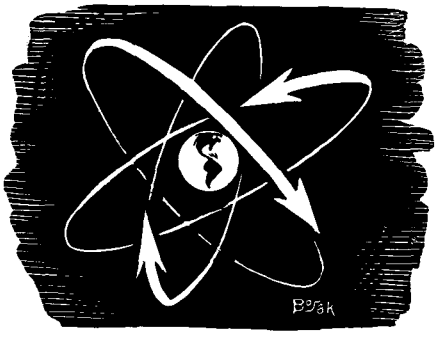
Part II

IN LAS VEGAS, the head of the local civil defense agency recently called for a militia of 5,000 men to protect residents in event of thermonuclear war. The men would be trained to crush an expected invasion—not from foreign shores but from Southern California. It is believed that Los Angeles, as a major city, would be under direct attack. Survivors, warned J. Carlton Adair, the Las Vegas civilian defense official, "would come into Nevada like a swarm of locusts." Obviously, they would have to be repulsed.

In a less organized way, other Americans are now preparing to kill Americans. A Chicago suburbanite, according to *Time* magazine, intends to mount a machine gun at the entrance to his fallout shelter and blast away at shelterless neighbors who might try to get in out of the radioactivity. Countless other Americans may be making no open declarations about their intentions but they are calmly going about the business of equipping their shelters with guns or tear-gas devices, just in case desperate neighbors might want to poach on their preserves during or after an attack. Some are now preparing their children psychologically to accept the murder of their playmates. All this goes under the heading of civil defense.

In Hartford, Connecticut, at a private meeting of local residents who had come together to consider civil defense problems, one citizen advised his neighbors that firearms were standard equipment for shelters, along with stocks of food and medicines. People who are wounded or suffering from radiation will run around like madmen trying to find shelter, he warned. And, since there will be only so much water and food for one's own family, the intruders will have to be turned back even if it means shooting them. A woman who lived next door to the citizen who had just given this advice had a question.

"John," she said, "you and your family have been our closest friends for ten years. Do you mean to say that if this city was bombed and my baby and I were caught in the open, and we were hurt, and came to your shelter you would turn us away?"



John nodded in the affirmative. His neighbor pressed the point.

"But suppose we wouldn't turn away and begged to get in?"

"It would be too bad," John said. "You should have built a shelter of your own. I've got to look out for my own family."

"But suppose we had built a shelter of our own, yet were caught by surprise, being out in the open at the time of an attack, and we discovered that the entrance to our shelter was covered with rubble and we had no place to turn except to you. Would you still turn us back?"

The answer was still yes.

"But suppose I wouldn't go away and kept trying to get in. Would you shoot us?"

John said that if the only way he could keep his friend out would be by shooting her and her baby, he would have to do it.

In doing so, he could claim spiritual sanction. He referred to a recent issue of an important religious journal which presented a "code of ethics" of Christian morality designed to anticipate difficult questions that might arise in shelters. One point in the code advised the Christians to "think twice before they rashly give their family shelter space to friends and neighbors or to the passing stranger." Finally, the Hartford citizen could cite Civil Defense Coordinator Keith Dwyer's pronouncement that there is "nothing in the Christian ethic which denies one's right to protect oneself and one's family."

• • •

People speculate on the horrors that would be let loose by nuclear war. It is not necessary to speculate on such horrors. Some of the worst horrors are already here. The transformation today of otherwise decent people into death-calculating machines; the psychological preconditioning for an age of cannibalism; the wholesale premeditation of murder and the acceptable conditions thereof; the moral insolence of those who presume to prescribe the circumstances under which it is spiritually permissible to kill one's neighbors; the desensitization of human response to pain; the acquiescence in the inevitability of disaster; the cheapening of human personality with its concomitant of irresponsible fatalism—all these are part of an already existing, fast-swelling chamber of horrors.

It will be said that shelters and everything that goes with them are basic facts of nuclear war that do not disappear because we find them un-

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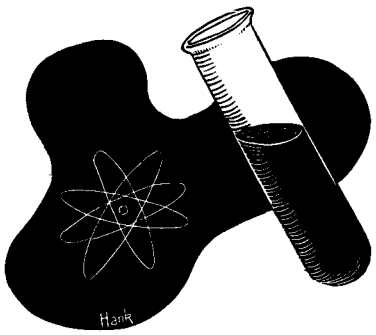
pleasant. But this assumes there is no alternative. It assumes that everything has been done to prevent the holocaust from occurring in the first place. It assumes that we have no obligation to anyone except ourselves. Not until the individual declares a moratorium on the inconsequential in his life and invests himself fully in the effort to achieve a just and enforceable peace; indeed, not until the nation itself commits its moral energy, intelligence, and resources to a massive attempt to bolster the United Nations and give it appropriate powers of world law, however rigorous the opposition—not until these basic things are done is there warrant for defeatism. And even if these things are not done, there is never a warrant, social or spiritual, for cannibalism.

If we are truly interested in safeguarding this nation and the human values that go with it, we will scrutinize and memorize the nuclear facts of life. As a nation, we didn't fully understand the implications of these facts when we dropped the bomb on Hiroshima; we don't understand them yet. We have never quite comprehended that the use of such weapons constitutes a form of race suicide. It is impossible for any nation to wage nuclear war against another nation without also waging war against the human race. The winds are the conveyer belt of mass death. The nuclear gun contains three barrels: one



is pointed against the enemy; a second is pointed against people who are not enemies; a third bends back completely and is pointed squarely at the holder.

An American demonstrates his patriotism not by pressuring for nuclear showdowns or by fast-and-loose talk about dropping hydrogen bombs but by tapping and putting to work the deepest wisdom the history of man has to offer. A new kind of force must be created which, when fully used, can safeguard this nation and its freedom and make a contribution to world peace in general. Military power no longer can accomplish that purpose.

President Kennedy's speech before the United Nations has the initial elements of that new kind of force. He made it clear that there is no security for anyone in a spiraling arms race; he called for total disarmament under adequate safeguards; he connected the need for disarmament to the need for establishing the institutions of world law: in short, he summoned the American people to a peace race. The full potential force of these words will be converted into a working program when the American people respond with depth and vigor. Earnest discussions among neighbors about their part in giving vital support to these ideas today may offer far more realistic protection for their families than shotguns for shooting down neighbors on a dreadful tomorrow.

If the battle for sanity and against cannibalism is lost, it will not be because of the inexorability of history but because men became so fascinated with the face of death that they lost hold of the meaning of life and the power inherent in it to shape its destiny.

—N.C.

Open Letter to the Russian People

SINCE September 1, the Soviet Union has exploded nuclear bombs in the atmosphere.

Day after day, atomic bombs of various sizes have been detonated, pumping large quantities of radioactive poisons into the air.

This has already provided far more poisonous fallout than any previous series of nuclear tests.

All throughout the northern hemisphere, the air, water, and crops are being contaminated by the poisonous fallout from the Soviet explosions.

Scientists in Japan have expressed alarm over the sudden increase in poisonous radioactive strontium as the result of the Soviet tests.

The Canadian government has officially reported to the United Nations that the poisonous fallout over Canada has increased 1,000 times as the result of the unilateral resumption of nuclear testing by the Soviet Union.

In the United States, from one end of the country to the other, fallout readings have risen sharply.

Adequate means of decontaminating food and water of radioactive strontium produced by the nuclear tests do not exist.

Poisonous strontium finds its way into human bone. Children are especially vulnerable, since the body takes up strontium in the same manner it does calcium during the period of intensive growth.

Before the resumption of nuclear tests by the USSR, scientists from the Soviet Union declared that any increase in radiation was harmful to human beings. They warned that testing could not be carried on without jeopardy to life.

That warning was important yesterday.

It is equally important today.

On January 14, 1960, Chairman Nikita Khrushchev told the Supreme Soviet that the first nation to resume nuclear tests will "cover itself with shame . . . , will be branded by all the peoples of the world."

The prediction was correct.

No nation has the right to contaminate the air that belongs to all peoples as a matter of natural right.

No nation has the right to use the sky as an open sewer for its radioactive garbage.

As an American publication, we have opposed nuclear testing from the start, not solely because the radioactivity from the tests constituted a real health hazard, but because of the need to establish a world ban on nuclear weapons before they would spread to other nations and intensify the arms race.

When the Soviet unilaterally resumed its tests, we urged our own government not to follow suit but to bring the issue before the United Nations instead. In any case, we argued against atmospheric nuclear testing by the United States.

WE regret that our government followed the lead of the Soviet Union in resuming its own tests, but we believe it to be of the utmost importance that the United States decided against testing in the atmosphere.

In any event, all testing must cease. It is imperative, moreover, that no further radioactive burden be added to the human environment.

We call on you, by whatever means, to make your wishes known to your government in the interests of a common humanity and the cause of genuine peace.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Careful! They never forget anything."

TRUMPET CALL

HEARTFELT THANKS for your publication of John F. Wharton's "Diary of a Man Struggling with Reality" [*SR*, Aug. 19]. Mr. Wharton's realistic statement of the destructive potential of the superweapons is a necessary reminder of the horror nations may bring upon themselves. And his exhortation that we face the possibility of this horror and work to establish a universal taboo against the use of such weapons is an inspiring trumpet call to moral action. I join my voice with his in the exhortation.

ROBERT L. CRIST.

Chicago, Ill.

RETREAT FROM REALITY

JOHN F. WHARTON's surmise that "we are all part of the retreat from reality" could not be closer to the truth. Indeed, I had to overcome a kind of mental "retreat" in order to digest the frightful truth of his article. A society primarily concerned with the pursuit of pleasure does not want to face the reality associated with any doomsday pronouncements. What could be more incongruous than a backyard swimming pool next to a fallout shelter?

WILEY L. UMPHLETT.

Norfolk, Va.

WISHFUL THINKING?

JOHN F. WHARTON doesn't really hold out much hope for us. The idea that there may be some kind of inner force that will stay human hands from the bomb or CBR agents is, I fear, wishful thinking. Two other comments: 1) those who say they are concerned but don't take any action as individuals are fooling themselves—because they are not really concerned; 2) religion is seldom mentioned in discussions of nuclear war possibilities but is quite relevant. The Russians don't believe in God, but they do believe in man and in the necessity for man to build the world he wants to have with the means available to him. They do not believe in supernatural intervention on man's behalf; nor do they believe in an afterlife—they believe man has to find his happiness and destiny on earth. Because of these beliefs the Russians can be expected to act sanely in regard to a nuclear conflict.

JOHN A. CHAPMAN.

Victoria, B.C.

SURVIVAL OR PREVENTION?

JOHN F. WHARTON said things that very much needed to be said. . . . I find more people who are now intent on *surviving* a nuclear war than on *preventing* it. A commercial seen on one of our Bay Area television stations is a case in point: "Do you want to win your wife's undying love and devotion? Build her a fallout shelter. Show her how much you care!"

I find this new attitude much more alarming than the past public apathy.

MRS. BRADLEY SQUIRES.

Petaluma, Calif.

WRONG TARGET?

THERE IS ONLY one thing wrong with Mr. Wharton's article: it won't be read where it could do the most good—in the Soviet Union.

B. G. BROWNE.

Louisville, Ky.

WAVE OF PROTEST

JOHN F. WHARTON's article on the threat of a nuclear war reflects closely my own thoughts and feelings and those of many of my friends.

He states that "only a tiny percentage of Americans are doing anything to prevent such a war." This is no doubt true, but the question is: what are we doing and what can we do further? Some of us have made our views clear in discussing the matter with other people, some have written letters of protest to the President and to members of Congress, and many have joined some of the worthy organizations that are striving for peace.

There must be many millions of Americans who feel and think the way Mr. Wharton does, or who, if they stopped to reason the matter through, would come to the same conclusions. How to arouse them to the danger? Would it do any good to arrange public meetings, mass meetings, in towns and cities throughout the country in a great wave of protest? And finally, would such a protest accomplish the miracle that Mr. Wharton hopes for?

ARTHUR H. WASHBURN.

New Hope, Pa.

FOURTH TABOO

IF MR. WHARTON's purpose in writing his excellent article was to arouse and stir to action those who read it, he has been successful in our circle.

It may interest you to know how, as the result of reading Mr. Wharton's article, an idea has developed that could have, and we hope will have, far-reaching effects. We are a small group of women who meet weekly for the express purpose of conversing. Chit-chat is not permitted. We explore current events and the world of ideas. Mr. Wharton's article had been read by most members of the group. For several hours we discussed many points that he made, and all came to the conclusion that the time is now, and it is up to the women of the world to insist on the "fourth taboo" mentioned by Mr. Wharton.

While it may seem preposterous for a small group of women to take on this seemingly gigantic job, history has recorded great movements that have grown from such small beginnings. Other women must feel as we do, and we have set ourselves the task of reaching them. We are going to use organizations to which we belong as platforms, and every other means of publicity that will be open to us.

GERALDINE DREYFUSS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

POWER OF PERSUASION

JOHN F. WHARTON's "Diary of a Man Struggling With Reality" has set me (among many others, I hope) to thinking, and here is one idea that has floated to the surface. What a "wondrous thing" it would be if our much maligned "hidden persuaders" should take the article to heart and produce a miracle to save the family of man.

ISABEL C. HOAG.

Tamworth, N.H.

MISSILES OR MISSIVES?

JOHN F. WHARTON's mention of a possible miracle to stem the rush toward nuclear catastrophe might be implemented by

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direct mail. It would be useless for all nations except Russia to abandon nuclear weapons. If, however, Russia's rulers were forced by Russian public opinion—and I cannot believe that the Communists are totally insensitive to that opinion—to agree to a nuclear ban, steps could be taken to enforce such a policy throughout the world, including Communist China.

My suggestion is that Russian directories could be obtained—telephone, trade, organization, etc.—and a list of some of these names be made available to the citizens of the United States and, if interested, to citizens of other countries. On each list would be printed in Russian some phrase such as "We want peace. You want peace. Fight for peace!" Each list should also indicate correct postage for either a card or letter mailed to Russia.

We citizens would then start a mail campaign to the names on the list by simply copying the phrase in Russian as shown, signing our names and addresses, and dropping it in the nearest mailbox. The possibility of such a campaign snowballing across the country through the cooperation of clubs, organizations, and individuals is intriguing.

Would it do any good? Who knows? It might, however, be the beginning of a world-wide peace movement—and that is what we need now.

R. O. Coburn.

Whitewater, Wis.

TO SPREAD THE WORD

John F. Wharton's "Diary of a Man Struggling with Reality" is potent and needs to be widely circulated. I'd like to see it reprinted in other magazines and commented on editorially in newspapers, especially in the Des Moines *Register*, which comes to my door daily.

Clara C. Arthur.

Fort Dodge, Iowa

PREDICTION

I wish to congratulate you on the article by Rabbi Gittelsohn [*SR*, Sept. 16]. He is far ahead of the vast percentage of religious thinkers of his day. But what he has said will become quite acceptable by liberal-minded religious leaders within the next fifty to seventy-five years.

C. Edwin Murphy, Minister,
First Methodist Church.

Lexington, Neb.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

Your publication of Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn's article "Have We Outgrown God?" is to be commended. It is a most timely and, indeed, significant piece of writing.

Rabbi Gittelsohn's admonition that there is need to change our conceptional framework about God will cause a great deal of heated controversy and discussion. Yet, in a world that lacks relatedness in so many spheres such rethinking cannot be overlooked.

It took courage to write such an article as this. It took courage to print such an article as this. The real test of courage,

How Modern Is God?

I've been in the ministry for twenty-five years and, despite Rabbi Gittelsohn's inference to the contrary, would insist that divorce and juvenile delinquency are quite rare and unusual among people who go to church faithfully. My intimate knowledge of five successive congregations compels me to take issue with his argument that, ethically speaking, churchgoers are scarcely any better, indeed in some respects are worse, than their opposites. As a friend of mine used to say, and he knew whereof he spoke, "The juices of philanthropy and civic leadership come largely out of the churches and synagogues, and not otherwise." Indeed, the point can be made that the do-gooders outside the churches are living off the moral and spiritual resources of long centuries of the Judeo-Christian tradition in our midst. Some years ago Elton Trueblood wrote a convincing chapter about our "cut-flower" generation. His point was that too many of our contemporaries want the "flowers" of the ancient faith, that is, the ethic associated with it, but they want them without the roots of belief and worship that produced them.

But my real question is: Are we seriously to take the rabbi's so-called modern ideas about God? First of all, he wants us to drop the idea of a personal God, but is not this to go backward rather than forward? Is he saying that the power behind the universe, the source and basis of it all, yes, of man in his "grandeur and misery," is finally nothing more than some kind of force or energy, utterly impersonal and soulless? When some of us refer to a personal God we are not presupposing the existence of an ancient patriarchal figure with a long white beard majestically enthroned above. We are declaring our belief that the ultimate reality of the universe, the Living God, is *at least* personal, that is, that he knows and cares about the likes of us, that human life matters in his sight, and that he acts with reason and purpose. To deny that God is in some sense personal is to say that he is less than we are.

In the second place Rabbi Gittelsohn rules out any thought of God as supernatural. He prefers to believe that God, whoever he is, works *within* nature and history rather than *outside* it. The Biblical view is that the Living God who has made himself known to us is *both* transcendent *and* immanent. This is to say that while he is above and not limited by all the relativities of time and space, he is also at work within this very world of ours, ever creating and sustaining it. In speaking of the transcendent, supernatural aspect of God's being, theologians are saying—are they not?—that there is more to life and reality than meets the eye. There are dimensions of existence that transcend man's five senses and rational faculties. And one major difficulty with any system of thought that confines God to this world, making him strictly immanent, contained within nature or history, is that it raises havoc with the long-standing belief in a moral law in the universe which is above all man-made laws, this belief which is one of the cornerstones of our freedom and of Western civilization. Take pantheism, for example, which identifies God with nature. But when we look at nature it is clearly neither moral nor immoral; it is rather amoral, totally indifferent and neutral, ruthless too and destructive in many of its phases.

Is not the logic of this, if God and nature be one and the same, that the universe itself is finally heedless, amoral, seemingly intent on the preservation of the race or genus, but caring nothing whatsoever about the individual? Over against such a world view is the one we inherit from the Bible. In its knowledge of a transcendent, spiritual dimension, it is assured of a moral government in the universe, a moral law above all man-made laws, one in obedience to which men in past generations have won their liberty, particularly in England and this country. Take this away and then logically enough the state becomes the final arbiter and authority in human affairs.

Finally the rabbi makes a case against miracles. I am more in agreement here, but few clergymen I know take such a crude view of divine intervention as he puts it. Often what seems to us to be a miracle in the sense of a violation of the structure and unity of nature may be simply an occurrence that has taken place according to established laws which man does not yet understand. Who would have believed 100 years ago in the miracle of television? But it's here, the distant is brought near, and without breaking a single so-called law of nature, but by using many such laws about which earlier generations were quite in the dark. Somewhat in the same vein is psychosomatic medicine, with its demonstration that bodily ailments are often emotionally caused, and thus making more understandable many of the miracles of healing in the New Testament. Miracles still happen (go to any meeting of an Alcoholics Anonymous group!), and I am not so ready to write them off as Rabbi Gittelsohn is.

(The Rev.) Benjamin Minifie, Rector,
Grace Episcopal Church.

New York, N. Y.

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however, will come in translating Rabbi Gittelsohn's perspective into action. As the author points out, "Yet this is probably the most urgent responsibility we face."

My personal congratulations to *SR* and to Rabbi Gittelsohn for some very creative pioneering.

ROGER L. BAUMEISTER.

Elmhurst, Ill.

PANTHEISTIC PRECEDENTS

THE AUTHOR OF "Have We Outgrown God?" feels driven to enunciate a series of modern concepts more expressive of the divine reality, a conceptual framework in keeping with the discoveries of Darwin and the profound intuitions of Einstein. He then proceeds to elaborate an impersonal God identified with the energy of the universe. This is simply inexcusably shoddy thinking. The new concepts he offers twentieth-century man are identical with those of Heraclitus, the Stoics, and Spinoza, although the author of this article fails to defend them nearly as cogently as do his unrecognized predecessors. To dress up this ancient pantheism, discussed and refuted long before Christianity, as the modern conclusions to which our sophistications ineluctably lead us is to reveal an ignorance that is as irresponsible as it is patent.

MICHAEL J. BUCKLEY, S.J.,
Alma College.

Los Gatos, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A number of other readers also commented on an apparent parallel with the philosophy of Spinoza and others. Unfortunately, their letters were too numerous to include them all in this section.*

CHAIN OF LOGIC?

RABBI GITTELSOHN forges an iron chain of logic, validating each link in turn—and then rejects the last, which unequivocally implies: There is no God who (or which) has the slightest concern for humanity. Any other kind of deity is clearly irrelevant.

Once a person accepts this simple reasoning, to which the existence of evil, the miserable deaths daily of innocent children, and every newspaper in the world testify, he finds an intellectual serenity far better than any "religious ecstasy."

GORDON B. FOSTER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

ERSATZRELIGION

SELDOM HAVE I been so deeply disturbed as by the article by Rabbi Gittelsohn. The author's thesis seems to be that we have indeed outgrown an old-fashioned kind of God but that there is still hope if we can concentrate our faith on a "God" compatible with the sophistications of modern enlightenment. In many respects the good rabbi sounds like an atheist (and there are many devoutly religious ones!) who does not quite have the courage to decline Pascal's bet. But I do feel there is lots of room this side of revivalism without going to the extreme of this kind of cerebral *Ersatzreligion*.

Possibly the most startling observation is to remind oneself that the author is a Jew. What has happened to the God of Moses? When last I read the Bible, he was still the "I Am Who Am," not "I am whoever it is most appropriate (in the light of current discoveries) for mankind to conceive me to be." Man's ability to perceive God's nature modifies only man, not God, who happily does not depend on what we think of him. . . .

LOTHAR SALIN.

San Rafael, Calif.

BEST YET

RABBI GITTELSOHN'S article "Have We Outgrown God?" contains the most intelligent thoughts on religion I have ever read. I am eager to read the book from which it was adapted, "Man's Best Hope."

MILDRED HERSCHER.

Roslyn, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Rabbi Gittelsohn's book was published earlier this month by Random House.*

IN SEARCH OF RELEVANCE

RABBI GITTELSOHN'S article aptly points out that religion in the United States must be rooted in modern knowledge as well as in historic faith. The pessimism sweeping almost all religion in this time of peril tends to reduce religion to that found behind cloistered walls, and make it impotent in men's lives.

In a world where millions of people are desperately searching for personal and spiritual help, the religion serving them must be willing to adapt itself to their needs, and to put stumbling blocks that remove religion from any effective means of counteracting world destruction will only hasten the retreat of religion from the world scene.

This article speaks of a minority that considers religion as the major source of help to these troubled peoples. We need to find out more of these able men who speak up against allowing religion to become meaningless in human lives, and allowing religion to speak for no one.

It belongs to the churches and the synagogues to find out ways of making world problems and perils relevant to the hordes of people seeking out their answers within their walls. Rabbi Gittlesohn has done a fine job in this cause.

(The Rev.) GLENN A. WALTMAN,
Pleasant Home Methodist Church.

Gresham, Ore.

"I want my *own* towel."

CHALLENGE

I WAS PERSONALLY challenged by N.C.'s brilliant editorial "Nuclear War: The Life and Death Questions" [*SR* Sept. 23].

We as individuals do count. We still have time to save the United Nations and the world if we can convince our government to make the strengthening of the U.N. into an instrument with authority and power to enact, interpret, and enforce world law *a fundamental objective of our foreign policy*. Limited federal government for the world must become our goal.

As we work for world federation as an ultimate objective, however, we must not lose sight of the value of the existing U.N. We must convince our leaders that the existing U.N. can be trusted to handle the major problems, such as Berlin. Specifically, among other problems, we should insist that the issue of Berlin be referred to the World Court.

Is there still a chance that nuclear war can be averted and peace and freedom secured on this planet? Yes, if we as individuals will inform ourselves about the issues facing humanity and read, think, discuss, and pray U.N.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Glendale, Calif.

CAUSES AND CURES

NEWSPAPERS REPORT everywhere a growing clamor for construction of civilian fallout shelters. Such efforts seem sensible, but in fact they are most dangerous.

The situation is a confusing one. There is, I agree, a growing threat of eventual war. In case of war, one would like to save lives—including his own and his family's. And fallout shelters would save some. But the matter is not that simple, for these reasons:

Preparation for war increases the likelihood of war. It implies a growing belief, by leaders and people, that war is probable. The building of shelters reveals (and spreads) a mood of resignation, acceptance, and fatalism—which tends to bring on the very thing feared. The citizen who has built and stocked his little shelter tends to develop a false sense of security, so that he is less likely to resist vigorously the drift toward war. And a citizenry underground increases the temptation of military leaders to risk or launch a war—which, ironically, makes the other side more likely to strike. As someone has said: "'When all the shelters have been

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built—on that day the bomb will fall." And on that day, if it comes, millions will die, regardless of shelters. . . .

We cannot survive (in a world worth living in) by striving to save our own skins. Only by working effectively to free all men from the scourge of war can we live.

How much money does a fallout shelter cost? What if you and I—and thousands or millions of others—contributed that amount, not to getting ready for war, but to removing the causes of war: ignorance, suspicion, greed, and armed nations in a lawless world? How much effort is needed to build a shelter? What if you expended the same energy in a continuing effort to be a well-informed and vigorous advocate of a just and realistic peace. . . . ?

DAVID ANDREWS, Director,
Methodist Student Center,
Appalachian State
Teachers College.
Boone, N.C.

DIMINISHING RETURNS

YOU ARE DOUBTLESS expecting indignant replies from librarians to John Ciardi's interpretation of the East Orange affair [*SR*, Aug. 26]. So please add this to the heap.

If Mr. Ciardi had discussed this matter with any public librarian, he might have had a more intelligent and less emotional reaction. I will agree that it was wrong to hold night raids to retrieve long overdue books. However, libraries have a hard core of users who will not return material until the situation is made unpleasant for everyone concerned. Notice that I did not say "book lovers" or "readers"—I said "users" and the terms are not necessarily interchangeable.

"Users" drain library resources, destroy encyclopedias, filch magazines, and refuse to bring back books. Once an immediate need is satisfied, all obligation to the source is ignored. In the meantime book lovers and those searching for information are deprived of this material, purchased and maintained by tax funds for the common use of all citizens. . . .

Perhaps I should smile sweetly over such recalcitrance and rejoice in the misplaced reverence for the book. But I'm afraid I have a tendency to feel responsible to the hundreds of other library borrowers who, with perhaps occasional prodding, make our free public library system possible.

MARY ANNA TIEN, Librarian,
Jacob Edwards Memorial Library.
Southbridge, Mass.

SENSE AND SOCIOLOGY

I READ WITH not a little indignation Mr. Ciardi's column. The article could be excused on the grounds of overwritten style were not the author a professional literary man. His references to Orange and East Orange as part of the suburban belt filled with split-levels could be passed over as poor sociology were it not for the fact that simple personal inspection could

(*Continued on page* 57)

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Season for Discontent

THE BEST I can say about Samuel Bronson's lavish production of "**King of Kings**" is that it is neither as long as "Ben-Hur" nor as dull as "The Story of Ruth." It is, as one might expect, completely reverent in its handling of the Christ story; but writer Philip Yordan has invented a stirring subplot around the characters of Judas and Barabbas to provide the kind of action that audiences are presumed to demand in films of this kind. While valid enough on dramatic grounds, it is indicative of an attitude that pervades the picture. Obviously, no one was convinced that the New Testament, unaided, would sell tickets. And so all the *scènes obligitoires* in the life of Christ are included—the Sermon on the Mount, a number of miracles, the last supper, jesting Pilate, the way to Calvary. But for action, the picture invariably cuts back to Barabbas and his merry men, intent on freeing Judea by the sword. The result is reverence tempered by practicality.

Reverence, too, probably accounts for Jeffrey Hunter's phlegmatic portrayal of Jesus. Here is none of the passion, none of the conviction that could move and convert multitudes. His Christ is passive and withdrawn, the voice weak and unresonant. The Sermon on the Mount, while admirably staged for mass effect, could obviously have been heard by only a handful of people. Only once, in Gethsemane, does Hunter project a sense of predestination, of Christ's own awareness of the role he had been sent to play among mankind. Robert Ryan, as John the Baptist, and Siobhan McKenna, as Mary, come far closer to this mystic spirit. But, as is so often the case, it is the villains of the piece who get the juiciest acting roles—Harry Guardino as Barabbas, Rip Torn as Judas, Frank Thring as Herod Antipas, Hurd Hatfield as Pontius Pilate—and they make the most of them. Ron Randell is particularly notable as a Roman centurion loyal to Caesar but drawn to Christ.

The film's greatest asset, however, is a lofty, almost biblical narration, movingly written by Ray Bradbury, and beautifully spoken by Orson Welles.

Two new films reach for a contemporary significance, but also in a curiously halfhearted way. I suppose one should be grateful for any steps taken in a right direction; and yet the question inevitably arises: why take those steps if you don't intend to get there in the first place? "**Paris Blues,**" for example, has Sidney Poitier as an expatriate jazz musician uttering some strong lines about racial inequality in the United States. But they simply hang there. Instead of following through on Poitier's dilemma—whether to stay in Paris where he can function as a human being or to return to America and combat race prejudice—the producers nimbly dodge into a steamy affair between Paul Newman, ace trombonist, and Joanne Woodward, a love-hungry schoolteacher on the prowl in Paris. Both affairs are settled in an arbitrary, offhand manner, with little penetration of character and motives.

Since the ultimate decisions could have come at any point, a series of delaying actions staves off the final scenes. There are jam sessions in smoke-filled *caves*—jam sessions so overly arranged that one almost expects to see music on the bandstand. Louis Armstrong pops onto the scene from time to time in a role that is utterly extraneous to the development of either strain of the plot. And there is walking—interminable shots of Newman and Woodward, or Poitier and Diahann Carroll, or all four of them together, strolling hand in hand through Paris.

The fundamental weakness of "Paris Blues," however, is that one couldn't care less what happens to its central characters. Superficially, they are unattractive people—and neither the script, the direction, nor the actors themselves ever carry them beyond that level. The same might be said of "**Bridge to the Sun,**" apart from a touching, sensitive performance by young James Shigeta. Based on the autobiography of Gwen Terasaki, an American girl who married a Japanese career diplomat before World War II, it seems to want to speak out against both race prejudice and hypernationalism. But by concentrating on incidents, the script provides neither the scope nor the focus to extract the full meaning from Mrs. Terasaki's book. And Carroll Baker, as Gwen Terasaki, has the dubious distinction of possessing the only strident Southern accent I have ever encountered.

The sad thing about both these pictures is that, with a bit more skill and a lot more honest bite, they could have been timely, important, and vital. Is it perhaps a lack of practice?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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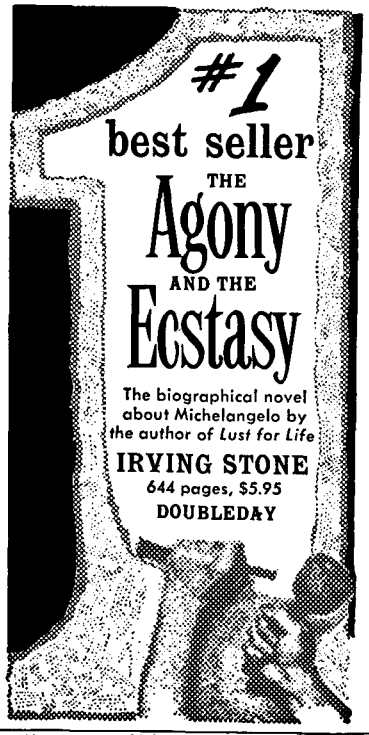

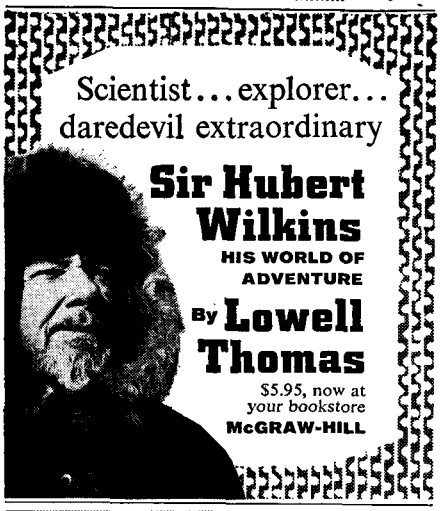

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TV AND RADIO

Whodunit?—And Why?

A SURPRISE of the television season is that a new, regular character has been introduced on the Perry Mason series (CBS, Saturday nights). He is a young lawyer named David who slinks rather furtively around the office with an open law book in his hand, and occasionally says to Perry: "Do you mind if I do something?" On a recent program Perry allowed David to go to a waterfront café where he Indian-wrestled a tough, burly first mate in a test of strength and beat him. The victory of the milk-drinking juvenile so impressed the hairy ape that he came across with vital information that helped Perry win his case. Mason himself would never have done it that way; neither would his ever-loyal private eye, Paul Drake. The master would have used his head; the disciple his unlimited expense account or his inexhaustible network of connections. Who needed David? Why is he in the series in the first place? Perry Mason fans everywhere are speculating. The development is ominous. Personally I feel like Drake, in the Case of the Something or Other last season, when he turned to Perry and exclaimed: "It's a trap and we've walked right into it!"

David has been in every show since the new season started. Obviously, he's not passing through on his way to Harvard Law School. He's been "written in" with calculation and premeditation by the show's producers. I assume they are grooming him for a bigger role in future programs, for at present he is an esthetically arbitrary and uneconomical appendage. What are the producers sneaking in through the back door, feeding the audience in small doses until they become completely receptive to the full treatment? The cause is not, I guess, that Raymond Burr, who plays Perry Mason, is looking forward to retirement and David will be his substitute. Mr. Burr's "secret smile" has won him a place in viewers' sympathies that could hardly be challenged by the newcomer's dominant shock of hair. Is the Indian-wrestling in the waterfront bar a clue? Is muscle the note to be struck in place of mind? The talent for mixing it up with the fists or crumpling chairs is bountifully represented on all of TV's sleuthing sagas, except Perry Mason.

Novelty is often pursued for the sake of novelty in the frenetic world of machine-made television entertainment. Producers, writers, actors suffer from the occupational hazard of sameness fatigue. The demands of turning out a show a week on film exert severe pressures on a production team. To add to this the repetitive involvement in formulas of character, situation, and style is to bring about an almost neurotic need for a change of pace. "Let's do something different this year—anything!" becomes an unmanageable fever. Maybe that's it in this case—the compulsion of aging beauty to stay young. But Perry Mason was *not* aging badly. For many adults it was an appointment with a pleasant riddle Saturday nights. The fun was in guessing against the red herrings of the producers—and no atavism, just civilized escape.

Other things are new on the show, too. Mason has had his office redecorated (too fancy). There are little eddies of valuable time given to young lovers, to popular jazz. Undue attention given to the transient characters, a much slower pace, bad direction and photography, dull stories. The old order was better. Camera on Perry and Drake, Della, Tragg, and Berger. The swifter scene, the ritual of the familiar lines out of which you could dream up an entire show. How could the producers make such a mistake? Perry Mason knows all the answers on the show—no one else. This young David is a destroyer of the vital illusion of omniscience. The interloper has upset the delicate mechanism of the myth. Indeed, he seems to have cast a pall over the performers. They have lost their nerve. Masked thoughts trouble them: it is all too apparent in the way they read their clichés. What's bothering them is not the homicide onstage. They're really worried about who is trying to murder Perry Mason offstage.

There may be "eight shows in the can," but there's still time to avert the tragedy. To continue along the path marked out is to spoil the old fun without substituting a better new fun. It will offend the loyal fans—and half a Perry Mason will win no new fans when they can find the real McCoy of mayhem at "87th Precinct" or at "77 Sunset Strip." The sad outcome, if the producers persist, is that Lieutenant Tragg will not be able to label it "homicide." It will be a deliberate case of suicide. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Pierpont's Progress

THE FUNNIEST musical comedy in several seasons is **"How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying,"** adapted from Shepherd Mead's book by Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock, and Willie Gilbert, and with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. Indeed, you might almost call it a musical satire, for while it nominally fulfills the romantic requirements of the musical comedy form, it is for most of the time concerned with making fun of an American society that can allow a young window cleaner to become Chairman of the Board of a big corporation merely by following a few recommended pragmatic precepts. This concern is established immediately when Rosemary, who has just fallen for young Pierpont, sings a ballad not to the joys of love, but to the prospect of keeping dinner warm for a commuting executive who will be so preoccupied with other things that he will hardly ever speak to her. When we meet the employees of World Wide Wickets, Inc., they seem nearsighted drones who do things "the company way" in the ridiculous belief that the way to inch ahead is by seniority and good behavior. In a hilarious number we see these drones suddenly go into shock because the coffee urn is empty at an anticipated coffee break. This introduces Bud Frump, the boss's nephew and the most vulnerable and nastiest employee (as well as the disguised true protagonist of the piece), who futilely keeps trying to impede Pierpont's progress. And the comic struggle that constitutes the remainder of the show reveals here and there many of the obvious foibles of inter-office life.

Although this is all very funny, musical comedy devotees may be disappointed at doing without the usual good-hearted hero, the usual quota of attractive dance numbers (Bob Fosse's choreography has been applied mostly to the satirical stage movement of clerks, and executives in office dress), and the usual supply of catchy songs. Indeed, "I Believe in You," the one song that could easily become a popular standard if sung as a ballad, is sacrificed to the show's motif when it is delivered as parody by Pierpont to his own image in the washroom mirror.

Similarly antiromantic are the performances. Robert Morse plays Pierpont with the fullest relish of the machinations that so simply and easily make possible his victories. His eyes light up like those of the wolf in grandma's clothing each time he sees the possibility of some new ploy. Not only does Mr. Morse serve his role completely, but in the final number, "The Great Big Brotherhood of Man," which knifes the notion that the Golden Rule exists, he rams home his triumph with a breathtaking closing sprint of a dance.

Charles Nelson Reilly plays Frump with a sort of held-in hysteria that gives style to everything he does. His epileptic one-man tango is joy unconfined, and his final moment of dignity when, after pleading for mercy from some of his fellow employees, he turns to his last hope and says, "I never did like you," is magnificent. Rudy Vallee is droll as J.B., hard and impersonal with his employees, but soft and sadly vulnerable when absurdly sentimental attachments, such as the one for his alma mater, are touched. Robert Randolph's two-dimensional scenery takes a bit of getting used to, but some of it has a good sense of pattern and in the long run it is valuable in that it reminds the audience to take the story at funny-paper depth.

Abe Burrows has directed the proceedings with such persistent personal resourcefulness that we refuse to hold him responsible for the show's three

least effective scenes. Two of these, "Paris Original" and "The Yo Ho Ho," are production numbers. And the third, "Been a Long Day," might have been charming if it hadn't been sung by Pierpont, a man with none of the romantic inclinations the song implies.

Indeed, this is the dilemma "How To" faces. On the one hand it is reminding us that we are living in a society where the winners are really the victims. And on the other, it pulls its punches and mixes in a little traditional contaminating syrup in order to make the whole business painless. However, it still contains enough truth and unusual humor to make it highly entertaining to discerning theatregoers, as well as to visiting buyers.

—HENRY HEWES.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

AUDREY HEPBURN
in
"BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S"
Co-starring
GEORGE PEPPARD
Patricia Neal · Buddy Ebsen
Martin Balsam
and
MICKEY ROONEY

Directed by Blake Edwards
A Jurow-Sheppard Production
From Truman Capote's Best-selling novel
A Paramount Release
in TECHNICOLOR

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"WINGS OF GLORY"—Gala exciting spectacle saluting the golden anniversary of Naval Aviation . . . with New York Naval Shipyard Choir, famed Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, specialty acts, guest artists and Symphony Orchestra.

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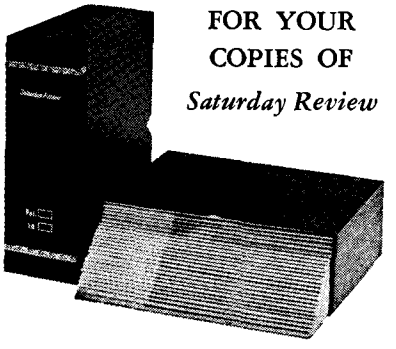

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Book of the Week

Continued from page 19

their intelligence in avoiding detection (both from their lovers and their conscience) is great, and the logic of the detecting male is clear stupidity. But they show their intelligence in something deeper, too: the intuition that this is no age for great loves, therefore no age for self-respecting or self-jealous women, even though there be men who still prefer these "studied" forms of love.

Moravia's own quarrel with love is even older than his quarrel with poetry. Love is divine stupidity, its symbol blindness, its devotional practice the affectation of blindness. Thus to write about love one must either experience or simulate a sacred fear of mentioning the name of the beloved, let alone volunteer a description of her anatomy, physiology, and urinalysis. What do we know of Anna Karenina's body? She had white arms; the rest is pure feeling. How can Moravia couple that wilful ignorance with his cold eye and the decanted substance of his boredom he alone can isolate and use under the microscope, to melt the pretense of modern passions? Either one tune or the other.

"I never trust a writer who can say too many things." (His words: *The New Yorker*, May 7, 1955.) "By that I mean a writer who has too many tunes to play. One tune is good enough. Good writers are monotonous, like good composers. Their truth is self-repeating. They keep rewriting the same book. That is: they keep trying to perfect their expression of the one problem they were born to understand." Also: ". . . I am an addict to boredom, I understand it so well. It is a frightful thing, yet a creative force. A necessary poison. No one who is not bored can create anything."

Yes, but love is no pastime, and neither is it a safe-deposit of egotism in someone else's banking account. Love is the joy of giving. He who has nothing to give because his soul is full of wind, can only *beg*, not *be*, let alone give. Knock, knock, knock on the innermost doors of the feminine shell; no one will open to you, and if anyone did, you would be told she went out hours ago, as you are in this book.

This is the essence of the story, told at times with real ascetic greatness. Why that epilogue so uplifting to flap-writers? After the greatness of that mother in her horrible villa on Via Appia, so typically Roman to those who know Rome today; after Cecilia's kitchen, bathroom, father – Dino, *who can describe these things,* cannot fade out like a damn fool. Moravia is too much of a giant to hide behind the dwarf Dino: he cannot attribute to him the sharpness of his own intuitions.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 953

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 953 will be found in the next issue.

ACKOCKF EKHY QF RQUKFHOXQZ GK OCK DQXZO AK HXR HO, YKO TL WKKD IXFK QTO QI OCK QZK HZU IFQLO QTO QI OCK QOCKF.

HUUXLQZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 952

Safety slogan: "Watch out for school children—especially if they are driving cars."

ESQUIRE/BANTAM SHORT STORY CONTEST

Esquire Magazine and Bantam Books are jointly sponsoring a short story contest for writers not hitherto published by a nationally-distributed hardcover or paperback publisher or by a magazine with a national circulation of more than 25,000. ■ There is a prize of $500 for the winning story as well as a 2nd prize of $350 and a 3rd prize of $150. Esquire will take an option on the prize-winning stories and will pay its full rates for those actually published in addition to the prizes awarded. ■ Bantam Books will publish the 3 prize-winning stories and a selection of approximately twelve others in an anthology entitled STORIES FOR THE SIXTIES. Authors published in this anthology will receive $100 as an advance against pro-rated royalties. ■ Richard Yates, author of many short stories and the novel REVOLUTIONARY ROAD, will serve as judge in association with the editorial staffs of Esquire Magazine and Bantam Books.

The contest closes January 15, 1962 and the results will be announced April 15, 1962. Richard Yates, Esquire, and Bantam Books will assume no responsibility for loss or injury to manuscripts submitted. Manuscripts should not be in excess of 15,000 words and should be sent, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to: Richard Yates, Esquire-Bantam Contest, Bantam Books, 271 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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Things That Go Bump in the Night

—From "The Little Witch."

By Alice Dalgliesh

THIS MONTH the children will come up my driveway in Connecticut—a long, dark driveway on an October night. Half scared by the eeriness of it, they knock on the kitchen door. Once it was "trick or treat" and filling for Halloween bags must be forthcoming. Now civilization has caught up with these children; they are earnestly collecting for UNICEF. It undoubtedly is better so—one year I lost my gate and the cover of the well, and I do not remember being amused or even tolerant about it!

Civilization—so called—has caught up with witches, also. We have had "good" American witches, and now one comes to us from West Germany. In my fairy tale reading days witches were *bad*—as it was natural for any well trained witch to be. But this little German witch is quite endearing.

It is the middle aged children who like spooks and adventure in their stories—they get all too little of them now. I have often wondered where the term "middle aged children" came from, and this year I found it in an adult book by Anne Carroll Moore, **"My Roads to Childhood,"** republished by the Horn Book, Inc., Boston ($2 paperback $3.50 hardbound). Librarians especially will enjoy this reissue, which tells something of Anne Carroll Moore herself, as well as much of her outstanding work with children's rooms when they were new in libraries. Beginning in 1918 she wrote for *The Bookman* the first sustained critical reviews of children's books, and many of her succinct observations on publishing for children are timeless—some of them might have been written today.

As to "middle aged children," she explains:

> It was a name they gave to themselves. They called themselves "middle aged children," and this is the way it happened. Big children eleven, twelve and thirteen years old would bring their little brothers and sisters to the story hours held in our libraries. . . . And when the story hour was over and the little brothers and sisters were cozily settled in the reading room with books of their choice, the big boys and girls would rush back to the storyteller with their own irresistible plea. "Tell us a story. It's our turn now. Tell us a ghost story, an Indian story, a mystery story, a detective story . . . a true story, a funny story. Tell an exciting adventure story for middle aged children."

We now think of "middle aged" children as somewhere between eight and eleven, with *perhaps* a stretch to twelve. This is not an easy age to write for; the average child doesn't lead a wildly exciting life—perhaps going up a dark driveway with the leaves rustling on Halloween night is as exciting an experience as many small town children have. To get adventure, a sustained plot, and real characters into a book with two hundred pages or less isn't something a writer can just toss off. Often a plot is as fragile as a cobweb; but even a fragile plot, sustained by humor or by strong climaxes within the story, will keep children reading. Too many writers use only their own memories of childhood and succeed in being quaint. Those who go back further, leaning on the excitement of pioneers and Indians, those staples of young American life, succeed a little better in pinning down that elusive plot. But every year the new crop of "middle age" books has to stand up to and meet the standards set by years of best loved books in the field.

THE LITTLE WITCH. *By Ottfried Preussler. Illustrated by Winnie Gayler. Translated by Althea Bell. 128 pp. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.75. "New broomsticks are just like young horses, you have to start by taming them and breaking them in." So we are told as the little witch almost rides her new broomstick into the clock on the church steeple.

She loses it by trying to join the older witches on Walpurgis Night, for young people (she is only 127 years old) are not allowed at that meeting. As a penalty her broomstick, in which magic resides, is taken away. The little witch has to promise to be a *good* witch, and that, to witches, is being a *bad* witch. She has a year of adventures in mischief and helpfulness, advised by Abraxas, her talking raven; then wins out next Walpurgis Night by burning the broomsticks of the other witches. Sounds drastic, but the story is amusing, the pictures suitably "witchy".

THE ELEPHANT IN THE BARN. *By James Playsted Wood. Pictures by Leonard Kesler. 115 pp. Harper.* $2.50 It must be quite an adventure to have an elephant come out of the woods, casually, and decide to live in your barn. Stephen, Susan, and David thought so. Strangely enough, no one except the children and their mother and father could *see* the elephant. One of the most amusing chapters is that in which the elephant is initiated into the joys of Halloween. He dominates the parade from house to house; some of the neighbors see him, but mistakes him for something else; some do not see him at all. Lively stories, the kind of solemn make-believe children of seven or eight still like, and lively pictures.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S HAUNTED HOUSEFUL. *Illustrated by Fred Banberry. 208 pp. Random House.* $3.95. Alfred Hitchcock peering from the haunted house on laminated cover *and* jacket, tiptoeing off the title page, and talking, in the introduction, typical Alfred Hitchcock, provides the initial push for this book. Undoubtedly, now, sales are guaranteed. Within the book you will find nine "cool" stories obviously selected by Muriel Fuller, and it is because these *are* good stories of ghosts and weird happenings that they are reviewed here. "Jimmy Takes Vanishing Lessons," by Walter R. Brooks, is one of the best. Too much space seems to be taken by "The Treasure in the Cave," a chapter from "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," which might better be read in its original setting. The big volume is heavily bulked and has fewer pages than other books half its size. The pictures in blue and black are suitably ghostly.

EMILY'S RUNAWAY IMAGINATION. *By Beverly Cleary. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. 221 pp. Morrow.* $2.95. A colorful jacket, lively pictures, and the fun that children have come to expect from this author. "The things that happened to Emily Bartlett that year!" A slight plot holds amusing adventures together. Emily makes up her mind to get a library for her small

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—From "The Gaucho Boy."

town, and achieves it. Meanwhile her active imagination carries her into such excursions as feeding rotten apples to her father's pet hogs—they get drunk; washing an old farm horse with chlorox to make it a "milk-while steed"—it doesn't. Emily, who lives in the 1900s, differs from most present-day readers in that she always chooses a book because it is the thickest, not the thinnest. A chapter for this or any time of year is "The Scary Night," in which Emily's cousin June comes to stay with her. June, so Emily thought, had "the imagination of a carthorse," and she does not fall in with Emily's plan for scaring each other with stories about witches and ghosts. In the end, however, both girls are scared. A good picture of the period, but fortunately Emily is too lively to seem a "period child." The Krushes help the book along very nicely with their spirited line drawings.

THE SNEETCHES AND OTHER STORIES. *Written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. 65 pp. Random House.* $2.95. Four stories in one book. The best, "What Was I Scared Of," makes an excellent creepy story for Halloween. The hero is one of the author's typical creatures, and tells us he was "not afraid of anything. Not very."

> Then I was deep within the woods
> When, suddenly, I spied them.
> I saw a pair of pale green pants
> With nobody inside them!

However, when the pale green pants started jumping, that was a different matter:

> So I got out. I got out fast,
> As fast as I could go, sir,
> I wasn't scared. But pants like that
> I did not care for. No sir.

Fright builds up until the narrator, finding the pants are as scared of him as he is of them, makes friends with them. Only Dr. Seuss could think of *that* situation. The title story, while amusing, is rather too obvious in its moral.

ELIZA AND THE INDIAN WAR PONY. *By Paul and Beryl Scott. Not illustrated. 172 pp. Lothrop.* $3.00. The jacket picture, with Eliza riding her spotted Indian pony, will attract both girls and boys. The statement in the foreword that Eliza was a real girl, and that the book is based on her diary as well as on those of other western settlers, is also important, as is the fact that Eliza seems as real as a present-day child throughout. The story by its nature is not a gentle one. Eliza was the first white child born in the part of the Oregon territory that is now Idaho. The Spaldings were missionaries to the Nez Percé Indians, and Eliza knew the Nez Percé language as well as her own. Her life becomes intertwined with the Whitman party when she is sent to school at the Whitman Mission where she can be with other white children. All sides of Indian life are shown here —especially their resentment of the pioneers of the Oregon Trail, which eventually involves not only the fierce Cayuses but the Nez Percé. The scene in which the Cayuses kill all the men at the Whitman mission is grimly realistic. It has been led up to by a presentation of Indian resentments and superstitious beliefs about the whites. If read in conjunction with other books in which settlers and Indians lived at peace, it gives a clear understanding of the times and its varied relationships. The authors, a Professor of Journalism and his wife, became interested in Eliza and records of her time when he taught at the University of Idaho.

A WAY TO CALIFORNIA. *By Luella B. Carr. Illustrated by Don Lambo. 172 pp. World.* $2.95 "Eleven-year-old Miranda Fleet burst through the sagging screen door as if her aunt's shrill voice had hurled her." Miranda's mother died on the trail to California, and her father is slow in sending for her. A spunky girl, she tries three times to stow away on a covered wagon, and succeeds the last time through patience and learning by experience. This is quite a different covered wagon story, with the excitement provided by Miranda's own experiences, not by attacking Indians. As the story progresses, the reader has become so much a part of Miranda that when the story ends, only *on the way* to "Californy," children will want it to go farther. To end it here, leaving the reader wondering if she ever got to her father or was a casualty of the journey, is perhaps more artistic.

THE GAUCHO BOY. *By George Obligado. Illustrated by Lilian Obligado. 63 pp. Viking.* $2.50. Children cannot fail to like this story about an Argentinian *gaucho* boy of a slightly earlier time. It brings fresh "cowboy" material to us, and has the advantage of being written and illustrated by a father and daughter who are Argentinian, and not, as sometimes happens, by North Americans who spent a week or two in the country. Nacho, the young *gaucho*, often stays alone at the ranch when his grandfather takes the cattle to town. His companions are *vizcachas*, strange little animals that seem something like prairie dogs, with a packrat's habit of carrying off objects. Jovita is Nacho's pet. When hail destroys the wheat crop the plot becomes traditional for this age—treasure is found to retrieve the family fortunes, but in an unusual place. The pictures are decorative, but also realistic enough to give a feeling of the pampas.

THE MAN WHO SANG THE SILLIES. *By John Ciardi. Drawings by Edward Gorey. 63 pp. Lippincott.* $3. Bedtime in John Ciardi's family must be a truly exciting time, and his "minnows" lively. Children will love the rhythm and implications of:

> Yes, The Sillies are the sweetest that
> I know.
> They're a nuisance, they're a bother.
> They're an everlasting noise.
> Sillies act like one another.
> Sillies act like girls and boys.
> Sillies think it's necessary
> Not to like what they are fed.
> They are very very very
> Hard to put to bed.

And what about "The Happy Family"? Try *that* one for a non-peaceful bedtime. My own favorite is:

> The most of being a boy is NOISE.
> SILENCE doesn't do well with boys,
> SILENCE and boys when they
> happen to meet
> May look at each other across the
> street
> And maybe they'll even say Hello,
> But they always have somewhere else
> to go . . .

Refreshing after reading a good deal of doggerel to find different rhythms, in a book that is really a poet's playtime. The jacket is one of the gayest of the season.

Coming November 11th

Fall Books for Children

SR's Special Survey

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Case of the Reluctant Horn Player

THE FINAL public hearing in New York to compile the record on which Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg will base his "award" in the contractual dispute between the Metropolitan Opera Association and the members of its orchestra suggested that pertinent as improvisation may be to musical matters, it is not so good in labor relationships. The choice of the courtroom of the new Fordham Law School (adjacent to Lincoln Center) for the hearing had its points, but it implied to the gathering, which included Metropolitan board members, orchestral personnel, and such interested parties as Senator Kenneth B. Keating, a semi-legal status not merited by the ground rules.

As the Secretary said from his place on the dais, the procedure was "informal." Nevertheless, one prospective "witness" was admonished to abide by the rules or be dismissed, and onlookers were requested not to show signs of approval or disapproval of what was being entered into the record. Nobody was sworn, but statements in refutation of other statements were introduced, argued, and evaluated.

Perhaps such statistical matters as wages and hours, periods of rehearsal, payments for overtime, and the like can be arbitrated through such a procedure. These are vital to the future of the Metropolitan, and the initiative of Secretary Goldberg—at the instigation of the President—to arbitrate them is a public service not at all incumbent upon him.

But the presentation bearing on the Case of the Reluctant Horn Player was so full of special pleading, misleading statements, and lack of competent evidence on which to base a judgment involving *artistic values* as to make a mockery of "judicial" procedure. Though he was invited to present a statement in his own behalf, or to answer the charges against him, Lester Salomon preferred not to do so. He's the French horn player the Metropolitan wanted to replace a couple of years ago. He was given another chance on a plea of the orchestra committee that he would "improve." Whether he did or not, he was reluctant to speak in his own behalf.

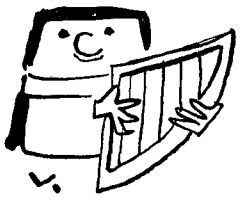
Instead, his case was presented by Seymour Berman, viola player and vice chairman of the orchestra committee. Tweedledee said that Tweedledum was able, conscientious, and a credit to the orchestra. The charges against him, he implied, were not because he was "artistically unsatisfactory" but because he was an energetic union man. Of course it is possible that a man can be both "artistically unsatisfactory" *and* an energetic union man, or artistically satisfactory and only a casual union man. How does a Secretary of Labor make a differentiation?

Not, certainly, if all he has to go on were the "facts" to which he was exposed on this occasion. On one side were depositions from several conductors, bearing on Salomon's shortcomings, his failure to improve as promised. On the other, shop steward, or vice chairman, Berman's contention that the opinion of Kurt Adler was meaningless, because he was primarily concerned with backstage duties as chorus master, and didn't conduct *any* performances prior to the spring tour. So he couldn't have had first-hand knowledge that Salomon was or was not "artistically unsatisfactory" when notices of dismissal were mailed in February. Management, through its legal counsel, Leon Lauterstein, asserted that Adler could have known this from observations during his other work. Berman, and supporting members of the orchestra, laughed this down, saying Adler, busy with other duties, couldn't tell *who* was playing.

This sounded pretty impressive. Secretary Goldberg listened closely. I listened closely. But some nagging counter-impressions persisted.

As confirmed by the records, when checked, they were these: Adler *had* conducted (when regularly assigned conductors were absent) prior to the spring tour not once but several times. He conducted a part of "Don Carlos" at a benefit for the Metropolitan Employees Welfare Fund on December 14. He conducted the performance of "Rigoletto" on January 19. In the absence of Erich Leinsdorf, he conducted two performances of "Alcestis" on February 8 and 11.

Make note of "Alcestis." The second witness on behalf of the Reluctant Horn Player was Clarence Van Norman, who joined the Metropolitan as a first French horn last year. His testimony went to the point of Salomon's musicianship. He said that he was assigned to the quartet of which Salomon is a member (the Met maintains two horn quartets, each assigned to a separate schedule of operas). The quartet, in turn, was assigned to "Alcestis." When Van Norman expressed some concern about playing this opera (which was strange to him), Leinsdorf suggested Salomon could give him some pointers.



So the Van Norman-Salomon quartet played "Alcestis." They played the performances conducted by Adler (despite Berman's statement, with all weight as "evidence," that Adler hadn't conducted *anything*, least of all anything that would give his opinion of Salomon any credibility) in Philadelphia and New York (which happened to be the nationwide broadcast of February 11). So Adler had full competence as a witness.

Do I accuse vice chairman Berman of deliberate misstatement? No, I don't. It is hard to remember who conducts every performance, especially if you don't care. But the Secretary of Labor should not be made the object of such improvised "testimony" (discrediting another's testimony on a mere vague recollection) as a basis on which to arrive at a judgment in the purely artistic consideration of a musician's ability. He can't, and he would be ill-advised to try.

I would recommend to the Secretary, whose excellent intentions I thoroughly respect, that he invite some opinions from those whose business it is to report on what happens at the Metropolitan. Better still, I commend his attention to the reviews of at least one opera in which Lester Salomon played (or didn't play, according to one's view) a prominent part—the performances of Beethoven's "Fidelio" in the 1959-60 season under the direction of Karl Böhm. Such as the following: "The horn section bobbled its first appearance and never recovered through the opening act" (*Wall Street Journal*, February 1, 1960).

Best of all, I will make available to him, or to any other member of his staff who feels inclined to accept the offer, an off-the-air recording of the broadcast "Fidelio" of that season, dated February 13, 1960. I had it made to preserve Birgit Nilsson's Leonore; but it is, for the while at least, of more historical value as evidence of the musical malfeasance that can be perpetrated (in this instance, by second horn player Salomon during Nilsson's singing of the "Abscheulicher" episode) without penalty of replacement—if one is a good union man.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE COLLECTOR'S CHOICE . . .

BEETHOVEN'S MISSA SOLEMNIS

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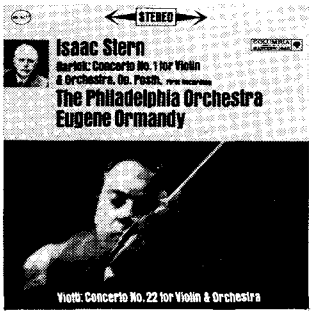

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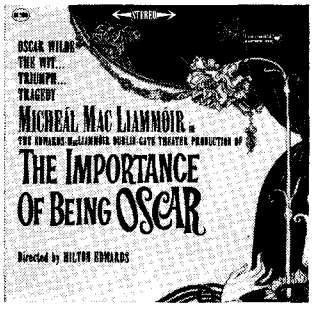

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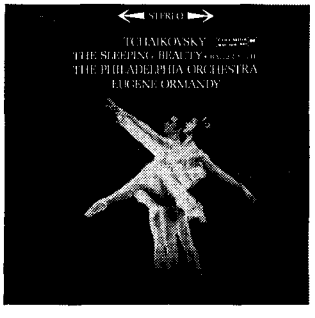

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Douglas Moore (right) with Ethan Ayer, librettist of "The Wings of the Dove."

DOUGLAS MOORE'S NEW AMERICAN OPERA

By IRVING KOLODIN

WHEN a composer has two works of the qualities of "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and "The Ballad of Baby Doe" to his credit, the appearance of a successor is an occassion for both anticipation and trepidation. The first performance at the New York City Center of the new Douglas Moore opera "The Wings of the Dove" (adapted by Ethan Ayer from the Henry James novel) shows that trepidation need not have been mingled with anticipation, that the "qualities" admired in the others are in it, too, in another form, under different guises, but with none the less credit to Moore and his craft as a practicing musician.

Can you really call "The Wings of the Dove" an American opera? I think so—if it is understood that by "opera" is meant a work for the stage using voices and orchestra which cannot be called a music drama, a musical, or some other question-begging term, including Moore's own previous preference, "Ballad." Certainly it is about Americans—not the kind known to Daniel Webster in Vermont or to Baby Doe in Colorado, but surely known to the time and place of Henry James—specifically, such a time as 1900, and such places as London and Venice.

Ironically, for a time when great operas were being written about earlier times and places, and these were rejected as "too realistic," early Edwardian (or very late Victorian) London has all the charm of an operatic "period," as herein projected. I wouldn't quite compare it with the atmosphere that Hofmannsthal found for Strauss in "Arabella" in the Vienna of the 1860s, but it has that "day before yesterday" quality which enables us to identify ourselves with the characters and yet to see the differences between themselves and ourselves. Needless to say, we see an identity in the good traits they possess and the differences in the others (odd, or peculiar, or curious, however you wish to describe them).

For example, we can all like the charm of Milly Theale, the young, rich, but ill-fated heroine—beautifully portrayed by Dorothy Coulter, a new Metropolitan singer on loan to the City Center, who is as young, even richer (in talent), and, let us hope, not so ill-fated as James's heroine. But is it likely that a comparable girl of today, with the pick of the continent to live (and die) in and the money to afford a

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handsome husband, would be terribly broken up to discover that he and Kate Croy—the girl from whom she took him away—had been, in the Jamesian euphemism, "lovers"?

Perhaps she even discovered, before she died in the full bloom of her youth, and was borne off on "The Wings of the Dove" of the title, that Kate Croy planned the whole thing and egged her "man," Miles Dunster, on to this course so that, after Milly died, they could live in deceitful happiness as rich man and wife instead (as would have been the case otherwise) in blissful poverty? The text is not quite clear on the point, except that Dunster does come back, in the end, with the money and ready to marry her. Those who know the novel will know whether he does or not; those who don't shouldn't have that resolution spoiled for them before seeing the opera. It should be left to James, cum Moore and Ayer, to propound their own moral or lack of it.

As can be readily appreciated, these are not the characters of the wild, Peninsular passions of "Pagliacci" or the earth-shaking tremors of "Elektra" or "Antigone," nor would such music be suitable to it. They are, rather, on the whole very civilized, for whom a visit to the National Gallery may serve as much for a tryst—of a kind—as the garden of Marke's castle does for Tristan and Isolde. No love philtre, perhaps: but tea in a hotel dining room can be as potent a brew, for those properly predisposed—and Dunster and Milly Theale clearly are. An embrace, a brief kiss, a fleeting pressure of the hand—these are the palpables of Jamesian romance, as the haunting likeness of Milly Theale to a portrait of a Renaissance beauty, Constanza Leporelli, is one of the impalpables. Just how its presence in the London apartment of Kate Croy blends with the fact that it is in the Leporelli palace in Venice that her rival dies, a first (and second) hearing of the score does not quite clarify. But it clearly strikes a soundless but resonant note that vibrates around Moore's music as strangely as the "ghosts" of Miss Jessel and Peter Quint do in Benjamin Britten's treatment of another Jamesian classic, "The Turn of the Screw."

John Reardon (Miles Dunster), Regina Sarfaty (Kate), and Martha Lipton (Mrs. Lowder).

One was aware, of course, from Moore's major successes with Benét's "Devil and Daniel Webster" and John Latouche's "Ballad of Baby Doe" that he is acutely sensitive to an atmosphere, a patois, a tonal vocabulary inherent in the subject he treats. It might be possible to find them, for purposes of Edwardian England, in parlor ballads or the "social" music that one thinks of in conjunction with overstuffed furniture, of people with liveried servants (few of today's peerage, one suspects, could afford the attendants that come and go in the scenes concerned with "the ornate parlor of Mrs. Lowder at Lancaster Gate"). But these would have but a limited utility, tending perhaps to setting up associations more strongly attuned to "If I had the wings of an angel" than "The Wings of the Dove."

Moore has alluded to such a sound source now and again, for a polka and waltz in his London scenes, and again for a song (it is not quite an aria in the Italian sense) which Milly sings at a social gathering where she meets Dunster. But, as one could hear when conductor Julius Rudel worked over the background sans voice during the dress rehearsal, the texture tended much more to the sophistication of "Im Abendroth" among Richard Strauss's "Four Last Songs" than to Amy Woodforde-Finden. Which is as it should be, for Milly is here characterizing herself, musically, in terms of a "dove," which makes it a key allusion in the development of the story.

OF course, to speak of "characterization" by music is to deal with the essence of what writing for the lyric stage is all about. Clearly Moore knows and strives for that objective, not always as aptly as in his writing for the clear soprano of Milly and the resonant baritone of her fated Dunster, but never by writing for the envious Kate or her aspiring aunt, Mrs. Lowder, music that goes against their character. Both of these are mezzos, though as different as the lovely, young-voiced Regina Sarfaty and the older, more impactful Martha Lipton; but it would have perhaps been better for the several scenes they play together (especially the one near the end when they voice their hope that Dunster will, after all, come back to marry Kate) had the contrast in the writing for them been greater.

This detail aside, Moore's character-palette is resourceful enough for him to make well-defined musical persons of Lord Mark (a rejected suitor for

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both Kate's and Milly's favor, who spreads the tale of Dunster's "caddish" behavior), of the Susan from Boston who travels with Miss Theale, and even the improvident Homer Croy (no aspersion, let us hope, on the late author of "West of the Water Tower"). The bridgework to get them on and off stage, or to span the transition from one kind of dramatic episode to another, is sometimes a trifle awkward, but this is a skill which troubles the most practiced of stage writers.

Where Moore has succeeded best is in molding these elements into a musical manner that suggests the gentility of his characters without making the men foppish or the women artificial. Those who equate novel devices with esthetic quality will not find much to excite them in "The Wings of the Dove," for Moore holds firm to the precepts of melodic line, vocal suitability, and natural fall of the verbal values which the newer thought decries. He has, however, a varied harmonic spice box within ready reach, and he uses it freely but with discretion as it suits his purpose.

Nor is he averse to the set piece, be it solo song or duet, when it suits dramatic purpose. Milly's "Dove" has been mentioned; there is a strong solo or two for Kate, Dunster has a particularly apt expression at the end of his scene in Venice, and the whole work reaches a proper kind of sustained flow at the end, in the duets of Kate and Lowder, and the final confrontation of Dunster with his first love. He has also risked a letdown in the mid-course of the opera with a sung, danced, and pantomimed "Masque of Janus" which, for all its relevance to the two-faced actions of Dunster (a point not lost on him), could be merely a contrivance. Thanks, however, to the charm of the music and the excellence of the choreography by Robert Joffrey, it makes its own justification.

Though the libretto projects the action in a sequence of six scenes not divided into acts, the theatre presentation makes a logical separation of parts with an intermission between the London episodes and those in Venice. Lest it seem that two acts are the mark of the "musical" rather than something more ambitious, it may be mentioned that two acts served Mozart's purpose in "Don Giovanni" and "Così fan tutte," Beethoven's ends in "Fidelio," and even Wagner would have preferred to have "The Flying Dutchman" played uninterruptedly, rather than with its traditional breaks. It strikes me that Ayer has followed a sound rule of reason in letting the material decree the form rather than imposing a conventional formula of three acts upon it.

Coulter—"fresh unroutined talents."

This good theatrical beginning is fortunately projected further in the excellent sets of Donald Oenslager (a Moore-disposed designer from his previous work in "Baby Doe") which have a desirable Broadway quality of "theatre" becoming to such a work. The London parlor is warm and livable, the scene in the National Gallery brightly evocative, and the Venetian locales right in tone without overpowering what happens within them. Furthermore, they work well with each other, expediting changes. The best impressions of Christopher West's abilities in the preceding week's staging of the Puccini "Trittico" are heightened by his direction of the newer work: compact, meaningful, and, above all, suggestive of the period in which it is supposed to play, as were the costumes of Patton Campbell.

There was a mutual interchange of benefits among West and the excellent cast, for if he had the fresh, unroutined talents of Misses Coulter and Sarfaty to work with, they in turn, had the benefits of discreetly sympathetic direction to build on. Reardon's well-sung Dunster was also sensibly visualized, with Norman Kelley (Lord Mark), Paul Ukena (Croy), and Martha Lipton (Mrs. Lowder) matching the kind of standards associated with them elsewhere (including the Metropolitan). Mary Lesawyer, as Susan, fitted comfortably into the equivocal part she plays relative to the others.

Perhaps the result flows from the cause—Ayer's literate but singable libretto, and Moore's unpretentious but always purposeful treatment of it—but this is one of the best ensemble performances of a sung work to be seen and heard here recently. As always, the words were clearest when they were heard from somebody with the excellent enunciation of Norman Kelley, but there is no "opera in English" question when the text is as happily married to the tone as it is here by Moore.

Difficult as it may be to find a common denominator to the future of an American repertory among a group ranging from Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" to Samuel Barber's "Vanessa," there clearly is one. It is, I would suggest, that they are all—and I include Thomson's "The Mother of Us All," Blitzstein's "Regina," the two previous Moore works, the late Robert Kurka's "Good Soldier Schweik," Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," and one or two others in the first flight—best when they are nonpretentious, unspectacular, and of modest scope. The grand gesture, the trumpets-on-the stage of Verdi's "Aida" are as foreign to our native way of thinking and feeling as Porgy's "Plenty of Nothing" would be in Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame."

No doubt because the American way of singing and speaking came into its own through the "musical," in a line from Kern and Gershwin to Rodgers and Loesser, what sounds right and authentic to us in a more serious vein is best projected within the same physical dimensions (a City Center rather than a Metropolitan) with an orchestra not too much bigger. This is not to say that something bigger may not emerge, as manner becomes style and a way of performance is evolved from a performable repertory. But it must certainly develop out of modest beginnings rather than, as was the case in period of Metropolitan Opera promotion of composers from Parker to Deems Taylor and Howard Hanson, and works from "Mona" to "Merry Mount," being imposed on whatever talents were available.

Among those who could take quiet satisfaction in the attentive response to "The Wings of the Dove" are officials of the Ford Foundation who conceived the program of commissionings by sundry opera enterprises across the country, of which this was the first on the City Center schedule. In providing for a diversity of talents to work out subjects of their choice under favorable conditions, there should be no penalty attached to success. The reward for accomplishment should be more than congratulations; it should be a further opportunity, at the composer's option.

Building on past experience is an old trait with Moore: each new work clearly shows a clearer command of detail, a stronger theatrical touch, a broader feeling for characterization. These are the years when we should be having more, and more, of Moore.

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Portrait of the Pachanga

The Music, the Players, the Dancers

By Robert Farris Thompson

THE RISE of the Afro-Cuban pachanga, a form that historians may well signalize as the first important dance music of the Sixties, is a story surcharged with cultural irony. At a time when American popular music has been proscribed in Cuba, when relations between the two countries are at their lowest ebb, the pachanga has scored what seems to be the deepest instrumental incursion of Cuban making yet documented in United States dance music. By "instrumental incursion" is meant the charanga, a pleasantly old-fashioned Cuban ensemble traditionally composed of a five-key, six-stop wooden flute, various violins, contrabass, piano, timbales, conga, and a grooved percussion instrument, scratched with a wand, called the güiro. In the last twelve months charanga music has somersaulted from folklore to vogue, and veteran Afro-Cubanists, such as Joe Vega and Joe Piro, are busy teaching the Catskill resorts, the Broadway ballrooms, and other strategic provinces of the American entertainment world how to move to its riffing violins and flute. It seems appropriate, therefore, to assess the trend and test its substance.

Pachanga has brought to our shores —belatedly—a third and vital synthesis in the history of modern Afro-Cuban music. The first synthesis occurred in Havana around 1939 when Israel and Orestes López, two gifted musicians associated with the insuperable charanga of Antonio Arcaño, hit upon the idea of inserting isotopes of Negroidal *son montuno* phrasing within the coda of the danzón, an instrumental genre drenched with borrowings from European art and popular music. This was the early mambo of Antonio Arcaño. In its return to Negro roots as an antidote to "classical" pretensions (the danzón "Rigoletto" is a fair specimen) Arcaño's mambo offers a parallel to the funky-hard bop reaction to cool jazz in the late Fifties. Then, around 1948, arrangers (Pérez Prado, Anselmo Sacasas, Ruben Calzado) deepened the blend by liberating the white-hot mambo themes from the coda of the danzón, amplifying them, and building them into a separate form of dance music fleshed out with the harmonic practices of American swing, bop, and

Eduardo Davidson — "character publicly defamed by Radio Havana."

just plain sweet music. In the process, violins vanished as well as the Creole five-key wooden flute, and large choirs of saxophones and trumpets became the norm. This was the mambo the world knew in the Fifties; back in Cuba Arcaño listened to its dissonances, high-hat cymbals, and occasional vibraharps with a very wry smile.

In 1953 a third synthesis emerged (actually the trend can be spotted as early as 1948), the product of the work of a gifted alumnus of Arcaño's charanga, a Negro violinist with European tastes named Enrique Jorrín. Jorrín never gave up charanga instrumentation when he formed his own band, but, on the other hand, he shattered the formal structure of the danzón, down to a rejection of its famous rhythmic module, the five-stress cinquillo. In its place he built an airy form of danzón-tinged music distinguished by a unison chorus of vocalists (breaking a tradition of duos, to say nothing of bypassing West African call-and-response) and a most determined avoidance of the offbeat melodic phrasing so prized by the mamboists. It was a Creole regression and infinitely easier to dance than mambo. This third synthesis was the cha-cha-chá.

When the Cuban cha-cha-chá arrived in New York in 1954 United States "latin" orchestras were so engrossed in the profitable procedures of the mambo that they admitted only two of the traditional arsenal of the charanga—flute and güiro. Despite further concessions—unison vocals, a slower tempo, a retreat from Kentonesque dissonance, and, most especially, the signature use of a certain danzón piano riff—they continued to play mambo. Swing band instrumentation held its ground. But back in Cuba the success of the cha-cha-chá had increased the upward mobility of the charanga and soon José A. Fajardo (the same Fajardo who, flute in hand, once stood next to Enrique Jorrín in an early photograph of Arcaño's famous charanga) brought flute and rhythmic violins to the most expensive supper clubs of Havana. Castro's seizure of Cuba in January, 1959, soon put this market in jeopardy. Fajardo trekked north to the Palladium Ballroom on Broadway and brought a charanga with him. The Puerto Ricans and mainland Negroes loved the violins and the ebulliently Creole flourishes that went with them, and a taste for cha-cha-chá played by charangas soon armed itself in the barrios. Meanwhile a dancer-vocalist named Felo Brito, who worked for Fajardo, recombined steps Afro-Cuban and jazz before the orchestra and demonstrated to the more alert dancers of Spanish-speaking New York that the coming of the charanga band to the United States might well provide fuel for a new phase of dance history. At this point a single song—"La Pachanga"—arrived from Cuba and a gradual trend exploded suddenly into a craze. When the smoke cleared, charanga music had been renamed "pachanga" and a new dance surged in the streets of New York. How had it happened?

IN the spring of 1959 a thirty-one-year-old composer and television script writer named Eduardo Davidson (his father was an Irish Jew who had migrated to Baracoa, Cuba, and married there) merged the rhythmic structure of the Cuban-Yoruba secular dance known as bembé with the signature beat of the samba, adding a lick or two from United States popular music. The palatable blend, first recorded in Havana in October 1959, was soon broadcast to all Cuba under the name of pachanga (the title of the first recording, a jolly particle of hedonism literally inviting all auditors to a party). Davidson, a genial intellectual with a sincere interest in the African roots of his country's music, also led the way in blending bembé armwork, elbows bent and palms tossed back at either shoulder at psychologically propitious moments, with rolling arm flourishes

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derived from samba. The choreographic blending thus ran parallel to the ethnic citations of the music. Cubans, both pro- and anti-Castro, loved it. Che Guevara took to the air, the story goes, to announce "we have in Cuba socialism, *sí*, but socialism with pachanga." Soon emissaries from Castro's government "invited" Davidson to let them utilize pachanga as a propaganda piece, as a means of demonstrating to the world that under socialism young composers could succeed. Davidson protested that socialism was irrelevant to his talents and to the formation of pachanga. The sequel is unsurprising—Davidson lives in exile in the United States (at Manhattan's Pickwick Arms Hotel) while back in Cuba, according to the Venezuelan newspaper, *Ultimas Noticias*, the rights to his music have been confiscated by the state and his character publicly defamed by Radio Havana.

AT ANY rate, in the summer and fall of 1960 pachanga (the tune, not the dance) surfaced in New York. When the American charangas of Charlie Palmieri and Johnny Pacheco discovered "La Pachanga," the combination of the fast-rising instrumental vogue with the concentrated gaiety of the song triggered the boom. Interestingly enough, the impact was first felt in December; the seasonal flurry in record consumption and dance activity may well have contributed to the startlingly fast breakthrough of the music. By the end of January, 1961, the floor of the Palladium was shaking for the first time since 1952. Youngsters, cut off from the original bembé-samba fusion, were working out an extremely rudimentary dance of their own. "It was all jumping at first," the Palladium master of ceremonies Joe Piro told me recently. "The flow went up and down, the floors shook, because everyone was hitting the same step, on *2* and *4*." Somewhere along the line jazz steps were polarized to the excitement and the dancing improved. Trucking movement was abstracted and, under the pressure of Afro-Cuban percussion, suffered a sea-change. Shorn off was the old Savoy single finger-waving; in its place popped up the waving of handkerchiefs and, later, fists. The sliding, originally "lazy feeling" of the trucking step was galvanized by a more percussive expression. The combination of a North-American Negro movement with Afro-Cuban percussion raised, as it were, the African component to the power of two. Herein, perhaps, the force that has in recent months well-nigh merged seismography and dance history.

Other jazz dances that are rapidly becoming part of the vocabulary of pachanga are the Suzy-Q, the lindy swing-out, and the shag. To further scramble the calculations of those who like their choreography simple and pat, Eduardo Davidson plans to launch a return to the original bembé-samba pachanga in the United States. Should he succeed, an interaction of the school of the Palladium and the school of Cuba-in-exile might occur and this would unquestionably enrich the fabric of the dance.

MOST salutary, it seems to me, of the developments connected with the pachanga has been the breakthrough of a fresh generation of informed bandleaders—Johnny Pacheco, Ray Barretto, and Hector Rivera—who have emerged from the anonymity of personnel work to challenge their former masters. For better or worse these *pachangueros* have upset a hierarchal applecart. Pacheco and Barretto operate, instrumentally, within charanga heartland while Rivera, in whose compositions jazz influences are often handsomely attendant, favors a mambo format.

Johnny Pacheco, a brash twenty-six-year-old flutist, is already associated with the American pachanga as prime popularizer. He migrated from his native Santiago de los Caballeros, Dominican Republic, in 1946 and built his *típico* knowledge upon a careful listening to discs of Antonio Arcaño and Richard Egües. Peter Fanelli, who doubles on flute for Tito Puente, told me that when Egües came to the Palladium in the late Fifties he "killed" him with his skills. "I heard him sustain notes for amazing lengths of time on his wooden flute and keep them in tune. He played with his jacket open, wild, and moving all the time, but you could tell he was a legitimate musician." When Fanelli lauds the free-wheeling "open jacket" flair of Egües he has put his finger on an informal mode of playing that helps us understand the role of this key pachanga instrument. As Pacheco himself told me recently: "According to the books you're not supposed to move when you play the flute because the embouchure is going to go shot. But when I play I got to dance, I got to move, I'm sorry." Action is thus compressed into a species of melodic code that strikes the ear of the conditioned auditor to be converted back into the visual riffing of the dance.

The style of Pacheco betrays other Cuban habits of playing, notably a preference for "sitting on" very high notes (in the third register) which may very well represent an instrumental extension of Afro-Cuban falsetto. The young flutist's handiwork is on display in an LP entitled "Pacheco Y Su Charanga" (Alegre LP 801). Especially ingratiating is "Qué Le Pasa A Mi Mamá?" (What Is Happening to My Mother?), which in its latter measures merges slow-paced unison guajeos (a guajeo is a repeated melodic fragment, akin to the jazz riff but of greater density), antiphony, and Pacheco's flute, which probes and propels the miniature melodies on violin like a tiny silver piston. Second in esthetic command in this band is José Silva, nicknamed "Chombo," who organizes things with a kind of metric hauteur and whose violin solos, out on the town while the piano minds the melody at home, cry out with what might be termed the *nostalgie du chord change*. Manfully "Chombo" sometimes tries to insert fragments of the richer harmonic fare of modern jazz within the restriction of two-bar pachanga phrasing.

Barretto — "many of the pleasures of the genre."

Ray Barretto is an intelligent young man who thinks before he speaks. Long before he left Tito Puente in 1960 he had established a reputation in the jazz world (as conga for Eddie Davis and Red Garland) including a brief but critical salute in *The Jazz Review* of April 1959. These factors facilitated his recent persuasion of Riverside Records, a predominantly jazz label, to add their imprimatur to the pachanga. "Pachanga With Barretto" (Riverside 7506) releases many of the pleasures of the genre and makes them public emotional material. I especially liked

(Continued on page 54)

Pachanga on Discs

"Pacheco y Su Charanga"—Johnny Pacheco. Alegre 801.

"Pachanga with Barretto"—Ray Barretto. Riverside 7506.

"Pachanga in Percussion"—Ray Barretto. Riverside 8007 (stereo).

"Charanga and Pachanga"—Hector Rivera. Epic LN 3782.

"Pachanga at Caravana Club"—Charlie Palmieri. Alegre 804.

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Recordings in Review

Double the Brahms "Double"

BRAHMS: *Concerto in A minor, Opus 102. Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, with orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.* RCA Victor Soria series LD/LDS 2513, $5.98/6.98.

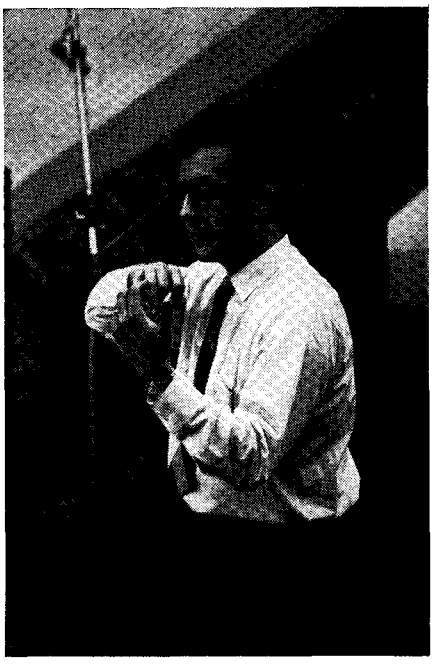
As a first recording of the great "double" concerto by Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky this performance directed by Alfred Wallenstein commands more than ordinary interest. Just a moment, some pundits may interrupt, isn't it true that both Heifetz and Piatigorsky have recorded this previously? So they have—but not with each other, for Heifetz's partner was Emanuel Feuermann in the well-remembered (and still available, as LCT 1016) prewar version with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy, while Piatigorsky's playing was done with Nathan Milstein and the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra with Fritz Reiner conducting.

So, in truth, this is the opportunity not of one or two, but of several lifetimes—Heifetz's and Piatigorsky's and Wallenstein's, and also the listener's. Fortunately, all of them are equally favored, for the soloists have taken the time to coordinate not only their ideas but also their physical effort to the end that, for once, the sound produced by the violin and cello is truly that of the "gigantic eight-stringed instrument able to produce entirely novel and utterly attractive sound effects" described by Karl Geiringer in his well-considered commentary.

Though the orchestra is not identified, it is thoroughly responsive to Wallenstein's direction, and through him to shape and weight of the kind of sound produced by the soloists. Altogether, it appeals to me as the best balanced of all the current versions of this work, in which no element is slighted and none unduly prominent, to the end effect of a completed *concerted* effort as propounded by Brahms. The recording is good of its kind, though it sounds like the kind in which resonance is electronically added.

Nono, Maderna, Berio

NONO: *"Polifonica," "Monodia," "Ritmica."* MADERNA: *Serenata No. 2.* BERIO: *"Differences." The English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Maderna, and a New York ensemble conducted by Berio (Berio).* Time S 8002, $5.98.



Berio—"excellent sound technique."

What I like about this recording of three works written in the last ten years (in a general way after the mode of Webern) are: excellent sound techniques applied to performances that convey every suggestion of accuracy and authenticity (Berio and Maderna speak for themselves, and the latter also directs the Nono work). What I do not like about the music are the following: arbitrary combinations and superimpositions of sound upon each other, a lack of attention-holding factors, a general sense of the note as more important than the measure, the phrase, or (heaven forbid) the period.

Most ambitious of the three (by virtue of length at least, for it covers a whole side) is the Berio work called "Differences." It is scored for five instruments (flute, clarinet, harp, viola, and cello), but that has no bearing on how many may be heard simultaneously. The musicians perform only for the purpose of creating a five-channel tape: each channel may thereafter be altered—doubled, delayed, duplicated, disembodied—to suit the composer's final arrangement.

Time Records and its artist-repertoire director Earle Brown are doing a highly conscientious work of building a representative catalogue of works in the current idiom (as opposed to what used to be called "modern" or "contemporary" music). Even though I don't find the expression of that idiom here any more appealing than the Stockhausen-Kagel on Time S 8001 (see *SR* June 24, 1961), I'd rather know that from the opportunity thus provided than by hearsay or supposition.

The First by Fou Ts'ong

CHOPIN: *Ballades Nos. 1-4, Préludes No. 26 in A flat, No. 25 in C sharp minor, "Berceuse." Fou Ts'ong, piano.* Westminster WST 14137, $5.98.

MOZART: *Concerto No. 25 in C (K. 503), Concerto No. 27 in B flat (K. 595). Fou Ts'ong, piano, with V. Desarzens conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* Westminster WST 14136, $5.98.

With or without respect to his birth in Shanghai, Fou Ts'ong is clearly one of the most talented young artists to emerge in recent years. A graduate of the Warsaw Conservatory in 1955 (and winner of the International Competition of that year), Ts'ong is the young Chinese pianist who decided, after concertizing in England in 1959, that he did not want to go back to the People's Republic of China, and applied for political asylum. He has since made a place for himself in English musical life, especially in association with Yehudi Menuhin (whose son-in-law he became last winter), and will soon be heard in his American debut.

A measured comparison of these two introductory discs suggests that Ts'ong has assimilated well the essentials of a Mozart style, but that he is an instinctive Chopin player. This may very well be a matter of exposure and indoctrination, but it strikes me that his Mozart, while clean, accurate, and devoid of anything in the least offensive, is more "by the book" than by the heart,

Fou Ts'ong—"an instinctive Chopin player."

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whereas his Chopin has distinctive traits of its own.

This despite the fact that Ts'ong is a pianist of considerable restraint, refinement, and less than the ultimate dynamic power. However, there is plentiful precedent for Chopin playing in this vein: certainly Rosenthal, Godowsky and de Pachmann were anything but heroic in the quantity of sound they produced. The important thing about Ts'ong's Chopin is that it has an active ebb and flow, a dynamic give and take that make for absorbing listening.

Two Sides of Rubinstein

CHOPIN: *Sonatas Nos. 2 and 3. Artur Rubinstein, piano.* RCA Victor Soria LDS 2554, $6.98.

This issue has the familiar aspect of a reissue, or at least, a replacement—for it is difficult to think of Artur Rubinstein adding to his Chopin catalogue something he has not recorded previously. Yet that is the case here: his thoughts on the Opus 35 ("Funeral March") Sonata have long been known to us, but not so the companion work.

This is an instance in which familiarity breeds not contempt but affection. Of the dozen performances now listed in the Schwann catalogue, this is decidedly the one of the greatest total satisfaction, in which the line of Chopin's thought is steadily sustained throughout. Properly, the emotional climax comes in the third ("Funeral March") movement, but the following Presto is by no means an anti-climax. It is, rather, the measured fall of the curtain on the drama which has preceded, neither to swift to blot out its effect nor too long deferred. Throughout, it seems to me, Rubinstein achieves just the right balance of impulse and restraint.

The conception of the B minor, however, does not appeal as strongly. Restraint appears to have domination over impulse, which is rather strange, since it is a work that many pianists play well. For all the beauty of many details, Rubinstein seems to me resistant to its plainly outgoing character, imparting a degree of introspection and reflectiveness to the music that is alien to its nature. It is the measure of an artist of his rank that he can usually make convincing a conception that varies, even in this marked degree, from the norm. But not this time.

"Spring" into "Soomer"

BRITTEN: *"Spring Symphony." Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano, Norma Procter, contralto, and Peter Pears, tenor, with the orchestra and chorus of the Royal Opera House (Covent Garden) and the Boys Chorus of Emanuel School (London) conducted by the composer.* London OS 25242, $5.98, monaural 5612, $4.98.

Statistical evidence to the contrary, frequency of performance is not always an index to the worth of a composition, favorable or otherwise. Witness Benjamin Britten's "Spring Symphony," which left a memorable mark on those who heard it at its American introduction at Tanglewood in the summer of 1950—but a mark they would have had difficulty in confirming at a later date. The decade since has seen but three American performances, none of them by one of our symphony orchestras in its normal concert series!

The reason for this, clearly, is that it is not a "conductor's piece." Titled a symphony, it is more a "song-cycle-symphony" in the Mahler sense: a setting of a dozen "poems of the season" (by Nashe, Milton, Herrick, Blake, and Auden) grouped in four sections and culminating with that time-honored salute to the changing season "Soomer is icumen in." It is not only a work with a choral character, but with a difference, requiring (beyond a conventional chorus) an ensemble of boys and three soloists.

However, as Britten's admirably cohesive performance demonstrates, the "Spring Symphony" is well worth the effort, even to providing the cow horn whose brazen voice sounds a characteristically bucolic note in the finale. The strength and animation of this finale have a strong influence on the total effect of the work, for they make a true climax to what has preceded. I would personally prefer younger, fresher solo voices.

"Octet" in American

SCHUBERT: *Octet, Opus 166. The Fine Arts Quartet and Harold Siegel, double bass, David Glazer, clarinet, Arthur Weisberg, bassoon, and John Barrows, horn.* Concert Disc CS 220, $4.98.

Any pretext for listening to, or writing about, this fine work is warmly welcome, for there are few scores of any kind in which bars and staves are more solidly packed with the qualities that make music enduring, as well as endearing.

There are, however, specific as well as general reasons for pointing its virtues as heard in this performance. It clearly demonstrates that there is an "American" school of ensemble playing fully qualified to compete with representative varieties from abroad. In terms of this particular Schubert work, these would take in the German (Berlin Philharmonic Octet on Decca 9669), the Austrian (Viennese personnel on London CS 6051), and the Russian (David Oistrakh and company on Angel 35362).

The playing of the group led by Leonard Sorkin is different, in interpretive flavor as well as in tonal timbre, from any of the foregoing but no less Schubertian in its admirable blend of technical command and musical sophistication. It is well known that each of the national entities noted above has a strongly local conception of how the French horn should sound, tending to make it much more "horn" than "French." Barrows not only blends something of all in his expert management of as difficult a task as the repertory contains, but provides a pivotal sonority to which the whole ensemble is responsive.

Best of Bassoonists

MOZART: *Concerto in B flat, K.191. Maurice Allard, bassoon, with Orchestra Lamoureux conducted by Igor Markevitch. Mass in C, K.317 ("Kronungsmesse"). Maria Stader, soprano, Oralia Dominguez, alto, Ernst Häfliger, tenor, Michel Roux, baritone, and the Elizabeth Brasseur choir, with Markevitch conducting.* Deutsche Grammophon 138 131, $6.98.

In the exalted company occupied by the bygone Archie Camden of England and Fernando Oubradous of France in his playing days, Gwydion Brooke of the Royal Philharmonic will have to move over to make room for Maurice Allard, now of the Paris Conservatoire, who strikes me as the best-sounding of all. To be sure, he profits from the best sound reproduction, which can help even a bassoon—but a microphone cannot phrase for the player as Allard does with infallable instinct here, nor pay out the long phrases of the Andante on the untiring spindle of breath provided by Allard. As the work of his seventeenth year is one of the most genially gay of all Mozart, and Markevitch falls in perfectly with Allard's conception, the results may be termed A (for Allard) OK.

The Mass (No. 14 in his list) is a work of great refinement and beauty of an older (twenty-three) Mozart in the last year of his Salzburg residence. Of particular interest is the "Agnus Dei" for the soprano, which, as sung by Maria Stader, more than usually suggests the "Dove sono" of "Figaro" to come. Dominguez is also excellent in an ensemble finely balanced by Markevitch. There have, however, been performances of more exaltation.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Adam: "Giselle" (complete ballet). Anatol Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 2-9011, $11.98.	Taking all things together, it is hardly likely there will be a better performance of this music on records any time soon (though possibly one of different values as well combined). Fistoulari knows the score, loves the atmosphere of it, and possesses both the understanding and the command of its orchestral resources to frame his affection becomingly. This includes a thorough awareness of the conductor's function in a ballet score, even though the dancer here (Markova, perhaps?) exists only in his mind's eye. Now and then the tempo grows a bit sluggish for listening, but this is part of a basic conception that makes most of its points convincingly. Also, he gets a beautiful sound from the LSO, and Mercury's recording team does its usual superior work.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G. Glenn Gould, piano, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia MS 6262, $5.98, monaural ML 5662, $4.98.	Rarely does one performance contain virtue and vice in the proportions that this one does. In the first dozen measures, for example, there are six different tempi, though Beethoven specifies only one: Allegro moderato, which is converted into nearly an andante by Gould, and further exaggerated by Bernstein. Once launched, the performance goes by fits and starts, with chords sentimentally arpeggiated by the pianist, and countervoices articulated *before* the main themes to which they are subordinate. No one could accuse Gould, or Bernstein, of not being alert to the beauties in the music, but the unbalanced and exaggerated ways in which they are pursued are as offensive as insensitivity would be—perhaps even more so, for musicians capable of playing this slow movement as well as they do should have more respect for the composer's intentions elsewhere. As for Gould's mooing and groaning in vocal reflex to his piano, that is merely amateurish. Excellent reproduction.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 in B flat, "Leonore" Overture No. 2. Eugen Jochum directing the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138694, $6.98.	The solidity associated with Jochum is in strong supply here, along with a kind of stolidity which, in combination with the weighty orchestral sound of the Berlin Philharmonic, tends to make the lightly pulsating Fourth Symphony sound heavy and earthbound. This works to the disadvantage of the music in the slow movement and scherzo as well as in the beginning and ending adagios—assuming, that is, that one does not accept the Berliners' Beethoven as the be-all and end-all of such interpretation. There is somewhat more brio and lightness in the playing of the Leonore No. 2 but the climax tends to the thunderous. The reproduction is all one could ask.
Borodin: Symphony No. 2, "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor." Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic with the chorus of the Society of Friends of Music. Capitol SG 7249, $5.98.	All the tonal values here are superb (does the recording come, as it sounds, from the *Rheingoldsaal*?), and Kubelik is unstinting of energy. Sometimes, as in the last pages of the "Prince Igor" excerpt, it tends to suggest a car rolling downhill without proper brakes, but the symphony is a real credit to him. The choral sound is excellent, though I could not distinguish much from the gutturals what words were being pronounced till I learned from the label that a German text was being used. Why not phonetic Russian?
Glazunov: "The Seasons." Robert Irving conducting the Concert Arts Orchestra. Capitol SP 8551, $5.98.	Though Glazunov's "Seasons" can hardly compete in year-round durability with Vivaldi's or Haydn's (not to mention Tchaikovsky's panorama of months), they have a charm of their own with or without balletic action. There are, from time to time, all too evident reminders that Tchaikovsky wrote all his ballets before Glazunov really began his career as a composer, but there are enough happy thoughts of his own to sustain interest. This applies especially to so fine a performance as Irving's, in which balletic implications, orchestral colorations, and musical substance are artfully mingled in a sweet-sounding whole. Fine reproduction.
Mozart: Concerto in C. Aurèle Nicolet, flute, Rose Stein, harp, with the Munich Bach Orchestra conducted by Karl Richter. Concerto No. 2 in D, Andante in C. Nicolet, with Richter. Telefunken TC 8045, $1.98.	As proof that labels are no guide to contents these days, consider these performances: lively, intent, undeviating in musical purpose (also brilliantly reproduced), the equal of any in artistry at prices lower than most. Nicolet is a new name to me (though he is identified as soloist on a Lucerne Festival orchestra recording of Tartini in the Archives series), but it could be Rampal, Barwahser, or Moyse, so far as fluency and taste are concerned. Stein is a qualified harpist and Richter marshalls his materials with pure Mozartian purpose. The recording, also, is all that one could ask.
Schubert: Symphony No. 4 in C minor ("Tragic"). Kurt Redel conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Beethoven: "Coriolan" Overture. Prague Symphony conducted by Redel; "Ruins of Athens" Overture. The same, conducted by Vaclav Smetacek; "Prometheus" Overture. Prague Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alois Klima. Supraphon SUA 10115, $5.98.	Neither in recording, orchestral performance, nor musical presentation is any of these versions a match for the best currently available of the same repertory from other sources. But the disc has the virtue of directing attention to a trio of conductors hardly known at all in this country, and in the case of Smetacek and Klima at least, possessed of more than the sound schooling evident in Redel's work. As indicated, the orchestral playing is not on a par with the higher standards elsewhere, the recording likewise.
Vivaldi: Concertos in A minor (oboe), P. 42; in E minor (bassoon), P. 137; in C minor (flute), P. 440; in D (flute), P. 203; in A minor (two violins), P. 28; in C (two flutes), P. 76; in G (two mandolins), P. 133; and D minor (two oboes), P. 302. I Musici. Epic BSC 111, $11.98 (2 records).	Of eight concerti on these two discs, six have been previously recorded—all, that is, save the two works on Side 3: the concerto in A minor for two violins and the concerto in C for two flutes. As each of these is a work of Vivaldi's greater kind, and the slow movement of P. 76 is perhaps the finest of all on the two discs, there is plentiful incentive for those who have one or more works in other combinations to consider these two discs seriously. In any case, they are not likely to have the works in performances of such uniformly high quality as those by I Musici, or with such excellent soloists as Leo Driehuys and Ad Mater (oboe), Marco Costantini (bassoon), Severino Gasseloni and Giovanni Gatti (flute), Felix Ayo and Roberto Michelucci (violin).
†Wagner: Overture and "Bacchanale" (Paris version) ("Tannhäuser"); "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla" ("Das Rheingold"); "Ride of the Valkyries" ("Die Walküre"); Prelude to Act III ("Tristan"). Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air, with chorus directed by Margaret Hillis and vocal soloists. RCA Victor four-track tape FTC 2071, $8.95.	Here is a tape that is all that it professes to be, nothing less nor (as has sometimes been the case with Stokowski) something more. Brilliant, energetic, colorful, it is nevertheless thoroughly responsive to what is in the score, with all the additions virtuous ones—the chorus of sirens in the "Tannhäuser" "Bacchanale" beautifully woven into the instrumental texture, the Rhinemaidens in the "Entrance of the Gods" (Martina Arroyo, Carlotta Ordassy, and Louise Parker) and the Valkyries in the "Ride" (the foregoing plus Doris Yarick, Betty Allen, Doris Okerson, Regina Sarfaty, and Shirley Verrett-Carter) providing a tinge of authenticity rarely heard in such excerpts. Equally entitled to mention is Henry Schuman, who performs the English horn solo in the "Tristan" excerpt with control as well as sensitivity. The Symphony of the Air, which can be as good an orchestra as its momentary personnel permits, is here a very good orchestra. The spacious reproduction tends to roam a bit in the amount of resonance utilized, but it has many qualities to commend it. —Irving Kolodin.

† *indicates four-track stereo tape*

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STRAUSS'S "ELEKTRA" IN TOTO

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ONE OF the inexplicable empty spaces in the list of available recordings now has been filled by the first complete studio recording of Strauss's "Elektra," very probably his greatest single achievement and certainly one of the half-dozen major tragic operas later than Verdi and Wagner. Publicly available, in addition to numerous excerpts, has been only the recording of an actual performance at the 1950 Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Anny Konetzni as Elektra, Daniza Ilitsch as Chrysothemis, Martha Mödl as Klytemnestra, Franz Klarwein as Aegisth, and Hans Braun as Orest. An orchestra-dominated recording in which most of the singing was below the score's requirements, that set was marred from the beginning by especially irritating audience participation. Already outdated technically, Cetra-Soria 1209 now has been surpassed in every detail. The new Deutsche Grammophon stereophonic recording (SLPM 138690/91, $13.98) was superbly planned and has been blazingly achieved. Here "Elektra" yields to the listener all that it is humanly reasonable to expect of a single performance. Had a more appropriate singer been assigned to one role and had the few trifling cuts "permitted" by Strauss himself not been taken, this overwhelming recording of a demoniac performance could be called perfect.

An "Elektra" most certainly depends on the conductor and the Elektra. The new version has the inestimable services of Karl Böhm, Straussian extraordinary, on the podium and Inge Borkh at her best as the dominating protagonist. Recording, and particularly stereo recording, solves for the conductor some of the problems that he and "Elektra" face in the opera house, chiefly that of deciding whether to depress the orchestra below the levels indicated by Strauss's explicit markings or to let it cover the singers at the climaxes. But tempo, emphasis, accent, and prevailing atmosphere remain the conductor's sole responsibility. Böhm is masterly in all departments, almost making us feel that we are hearing "Elektra" for the first time (and that feeling of novelty without eccentricity is a mark of the right

Jean Madeira as Klytemnestra — "tremendous."

artist in the right place). Borkh is magnificent, creative enough to match the characterization that one remembers as having been the frightening achievement of Rosa Pauly. Her dementia is no less remarkable than her soft insinuations and her overflowing joy upon recognizing Orestes. Unless it be Gerda Lammers, whom we have not been granted the privilege to see and hear, Borkh would seem to have no peer in this exhausting role today.

Equally impressive in her different contribution to the whole is Marianne Schech as Chrysothemis. But perhaps the chief surprise of the performance, especially for those who never have heard her outside the Metropolitan Opera House, will be the tremendous Klytemnestra of Jean Madeira, here giving the finest performance, both vocally and dramatically, that I have heard from her anywhere. Fritz Uhl rapidly brings Aegisthus to life, letting us understand his character and plight, almost making us see him. The only disappointment, in fact—probably it should have been foreseen—is the Orestes of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. He sings beautifully and shows his usual disposition to observe the composer's commands and the conductor's beckoning. But he is miscast. Unmistakably trailing traces of his supple Liedersinging manner, he remains an admirable vocalist trying hard to pretend that he is Agamemnon's son and Elektra's brother. But he does not, because he cannot, sound like Orestes. How much more in the vein, for example, and not so long ago, were both Friedrich Schorr and Paul Schoeffler.

THE world premiere of "Elektra" was sung at Dresden on January 25, 1909, and it is the Dresden State Opera Orchestra and Chorus that we hear in this recording. Under Böhm's direction, they still remain superior instruments for producing Strauss's particular world of sound. All the minor roles, too, are in the hands of such experts as Sieglinde Wagner, Judith Hellwig, Gerhard Unger, and the late Ilona Steingruber. Except for Fischer-Dieskau, all is musically and operatically as it should be. It is too bad that we could not have had "Elektra" truly complete, without those "permissible" cuts. And why does not Deutsche Grammophon, which supplies an elaborate trilingual illustrated historical and descriptive booklet, give us the Hofmannsthal text in German and in translation? Presentation of the libretto is a courtesy we have come to expect. But that a better recording of "Elektra" will become available in the foreseeable future is very unlikely, for this one is all but entirely worthy of one of the most formidable operatic creations of the twentieth century.

Borkh—"the right artist in the right place."

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Abraham, Paul: "Victoria and her Hussar," "Flower of Hawaii." Horst Winter, Friedl Loor, Kurt Equiluz, Hilde Brauner, and Toni Niessner, with the ensemble of the Vienna Volksoper conducted by J. L. Gruber. Westminster WST 14146, $5.98.	At his best Paul Abraham (1892-1959) was a worthy representative of the excellent musicians who kept the theatres of Vienna busy between the masterworks of Lehar, Kalman, and O. Strauss and the revivals of J. Strauss. That "best" is more evident in the Hungarian-flavored "Victoria" than in the Hawaiian-spiced "Flower," but each has its appeal when the imitations of American musical comedy orchestration do not jar the period flavor of the 1930s. The performers are all good, the recording excellent, the total effect altogether pleasant.
Barber: Quartet in B minor, Opus 11. Weinberg: Quartet in C (No. 7). Borodin Quartet. Artia MK 1563, $4.98.	Whether or not Barber is the first American to have a work of this scope recorded in the Soviet Union, it is not easy to recall a predecessor. The Borodin ensemble performs the work with thorough comprehension as well as abundant technical resource, especially the slow movement (famous in its separate identity as the "Adagio for Strings"). The work of the Polish-born Moishe Weinberg is solidly musical, unaddicted to any "isms" and thoughtfully evolved out of some provocative basic ideas.
Beethoven: Serenade, Opus 8. Jascha Heifetz, violin, William Primrose, viola, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello. Kodály: Duo, Opus 7. Heifetz and Piatigorsky. RCA Victor LM 2550, $4.98.	Neither of these "early" works fulfills the expectations aroused by the names associated with them: the Kodály is the more satisfactory not only because it asks less precision of execution than the Beethoven but also because it deals in some patterns of agility at which Heifetz is still a peerless performer. It is also a work of strong individuality and a degree of musical communication not common among writers at a comparable age (thirty-two) today. However, the sound of the Beethoven is muddy and anything but transparent, a consequence of inexact fingering in one part or the other. Its elevation of style is, recurrently, on the highest level, but too often the best intentions are offset by lapses in execution.
Beethoven: Sonatas (Opus 23, in F, Opus 47, in A). Carl Seemann, piano, Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin. Deutsche Grammophon 138120, $6.98.	Both Seemann and Schneiderhan have ventured solo careers in America in recent years without reaching the top brackets in their instrumental categories, but together they form an ensemble of exceptional skill and interest. Their inclinations are much the same—musically forthright but not unduly aggressive, and the sound each produces is well adjusted to the dynamic range of the other. Thus, if their "Kreutzer" is not the most sizable that has been heard on records, it is uncommonly appealing for its close-knit, evenly balanced texture, its constant concern for the integrity of every note. In the "Spring" sonata, which makes no demands Seemann and Schneiderhan are incapable of meeting, the suavity of sound is ideally suited to the material. The recorded quality is, obviously, the source of these flattering valuations.
Brahms: Serenade in D, Opus 11. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air. Decca DL 710031, $5.98.	It is not far-fetched to describe this as the best performance of this work that record fanciers have ever heard, for the simple reason that performances have been scattered and infrequent. However, it is, by absolute standards, a fine work of interpretation, exposing the virtues and glossing over the limitations of a score so seldom heard that it is hardly conceivable that it is by so beloved a composer as Brahms. Stokowski has an affectionate appreciation of wind band flavoring, especially for the four-horn scoring (double the complement of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and trumpets employed). He is also respectful of the style suitable for the thought, with a substantial but not oversized, sound.
Brahms: Waltzes (Opus 39). Chopin: Waltzes (Opus 64, Nos. 1 and 2; Opus 70, Nos. 1 and 3; E minor posthumous). Schubert: Opus 9, Nos. 1 and 2; Opus 18, Nos. 1, 2, 6, and 12; Opus 50, No. 13; Opus 77, Nos. 9, 10, and 12. Strauss-Gruenfeld (arr. Hautzig): "Soirée de Vienne". Walter Hautzig, piano. United Artists 8008, $5.98.	The blanket title "Great Waltzes for Piano" is, like most blankets, rather stifling for what it covers, but Hautzig's artistry survives this handicap handily. He is especially persuasive in the Opus 39 waltzes of Brahms, which he plays with a pervading charm and a prevailing insight that make them newly welcome. His Chopin is not so imposing in its virtues, for he has not the special talents others bring to this music. However, Schubert and Strauss are right for him, and vice versa. Good piano sound.
Fauré: Quartet in C minor (No. 1). Schumann: Quartet in E flat. Leonard Pennario, piano, with Eunice Shapiro, violin, Sanford Schonbach, viola, and Victor Gottlieb, cello. Capitol SP 8558, $5.98.	Pennario is so good in these ensemble works that he almost suggests another pianist—which is not to asperse his musicianship under his own name, but rather to emphasize that he is so well disciplined, so thoroughly integrated into the efforts of his associates that no overt indications of his character as a virtuoso emerge. On the string side, the group headed by Miss Shapiro is notable for the evenness and identity of the sound common to all the instruments. Nor is it possible to cite one composer or the other as more favored: both works are soundly conceived and fully realized in these performances. Excellent reproduction too.
Schumann: "Kinderscenen," "Carnaval." Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol SP 8555, $5.98.	A derivative of the two-record volume SPBR 8480, this single disc finds Pennario in contradictory vein: more relaxed, direct, and appealing in the introspective "Kinderscenen," rather harried, unsettled, and disaffecting in the outgoing "Carnaval." Which is the true Pennario? It is doubtful that the pianist himself could answer this question. There are, recurrently, the good impulses and the fine sonorities that characterize his work at its best (see above); thus the hope persists that sometime, under some circumstances, he will strike a balance equally creditable to all his impulses. Excellent piano reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: "Eugen Onegin" excerpts. Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, Eugen Belov, baritone, Sergei Lemeshev, tenor, and Ivan Petrov, bass. Artia MK 1557, $4.98.	An excerpt from the complete Bolshoi issue (see *SR*, Sept. 28, 1957), this disc contains perhaps as much of "Onegin" as the average person might desire, done in thoroughly authentic style. Included are the "Letter Scene," the scene of Tatiana and Onegin, Lensky's aria (Act II), Gremin's aria (Act III), and the following scene of Tatiana and Onegin. "Authenticity" in this instance does not necessarily mean the kind of vocal sound to which we are accustomed—none of the singers' sounds, per se, would command attention on records—but a moulding of word and note that does substantive justice to Tchaikovsky. The recording suffices, if it does not stimulate.
Wilder: Quintets Nos. 3, 4, and 6. New York Woodwind Quintet. Concert Disc CS 223, $4.98.	In his own cultivated, slightly recherché way, Alec Wilder continues to add a body of work not only artistic but individual. Some may think these works of 1957-1960, created for the group that performs them, somewhat blander than they find palatable, but even so there are flavoring touches that make themselves felt. Perhaps the most individual of them is the one (No. 4) expressing the composer's regretful awareness that his bassoonist Bernard Garfield was leaving the quintet to become first bassoonist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, but it contains some farewell hazards which, of themselves, make for entertainment. The playing throughout is first class, likewise the recording. —I. K.

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Vocal Art by Vishnevskaya

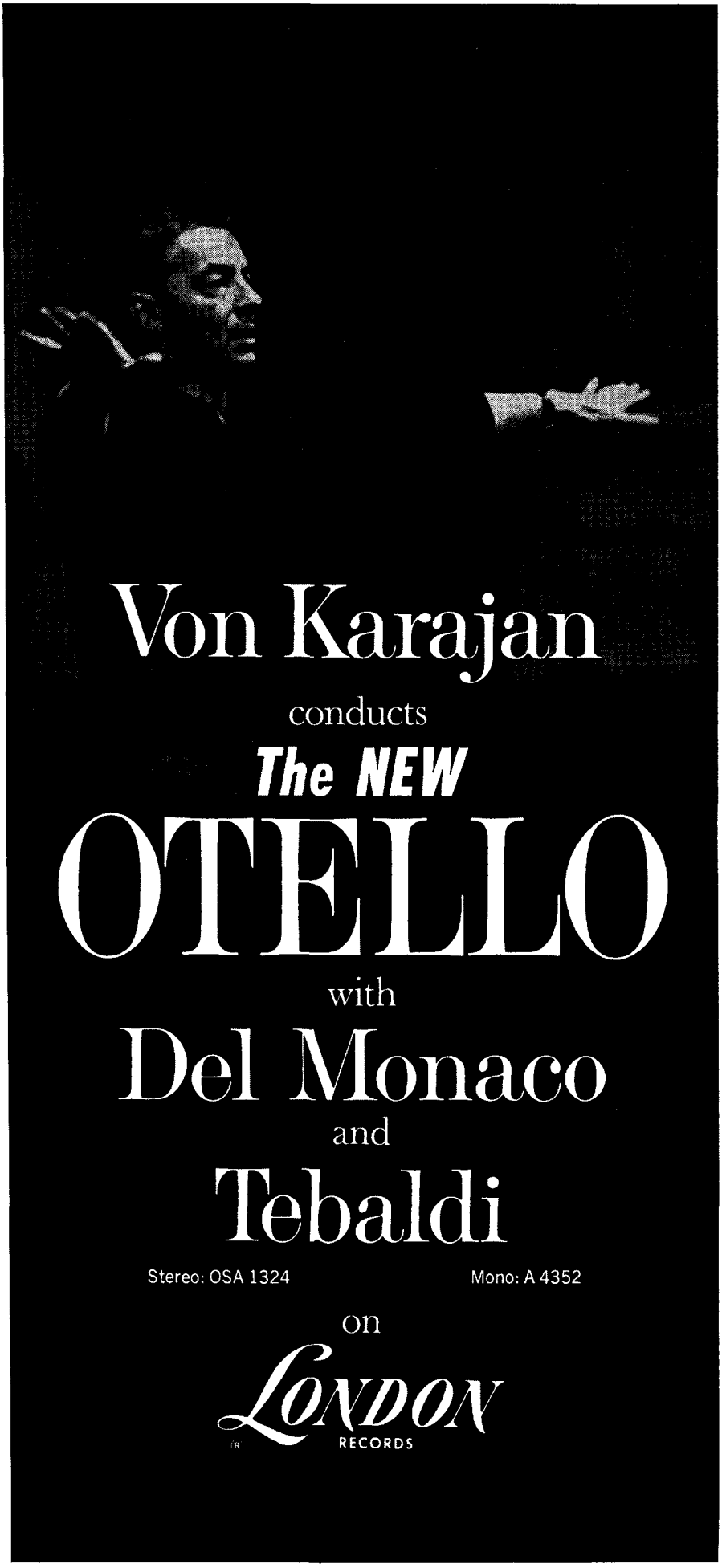
RACHMANINOFF: *"Oh, cease thy singing," "I wait for thee"*; SHOSTAKOVICH: *"Katerina Izmailova's aria from Act I" ("Lady Macbeth of Mzensk")*; PROKOFIEFF: *"The Ugly Duckling"*; TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Complaint of the Bride," "Lullaby," "Why"*; GLINKA: *"Barcarolle," "To her," "Do not excite me without cause." Galina Vishnevskaya with Alexander Dedyukhin, piano.* RCA Victor LSC 2497, $5.98.

The ability to stamp a piece of music with the print of one's own conviction about it is the mark of the mature artist. Galina Vishnevskaya, the Russian soprano who is to make her Metropolitan debut during the 1961-62 season, has reached such maturity. She sings in the grand manner, with a generous temperament and the power to make sweeping musical statements with authority and presence. Her beautifully produced voice numbers a haunting and evocative mezza-voce among its major assets and a tendency to depend too much upon throat muscles in loud passages among its minor weaknesses. More important than the sound of the voice, however, is the artistry it implements, for she makes of this Russian song recital, which duplicates, except for two Glinka songs, a large part of her successful Carnegie Hall recital of 1960, a musical experience full of revelations.

She is mistress of the bold effect and is, therefore, admirably suited to the theatre or to the art of storytelling. Her singing of the poignant first-act aria from "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk" is a journey into hopelessness so moving that the sheer technical feat of joining such widely spaced intervals in a firm legato must remain a secondary achievement. Through her artistry, Prokofieff's Ugly Duckling meets a hostile world with wistful courage, and his delayed self-recognition is masterfully recounted by a storyteller completely identified with the tale she tells.

The lyrical Russian songs are just as successful. Mme. Vishnevskaya is not afraid of them, and she uses in them the full resources of her voice to make her points. She takes many liberties. To the purist such freedom may seem excessive, and even the generous-minded may find it at times disturbing. The liberties taken, however, at all times extend the direction of the composer's thought, and used for such a purpose they may be easily forgiven. They are part of a total concept of a gifted singer, who arrives time after time at the heart of what she is singing about, and by so doing reaffirms the substance and variety of the Russian song literature.

—JEAN BOWEN.



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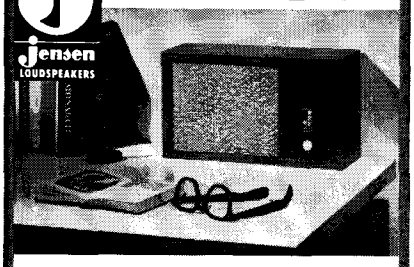

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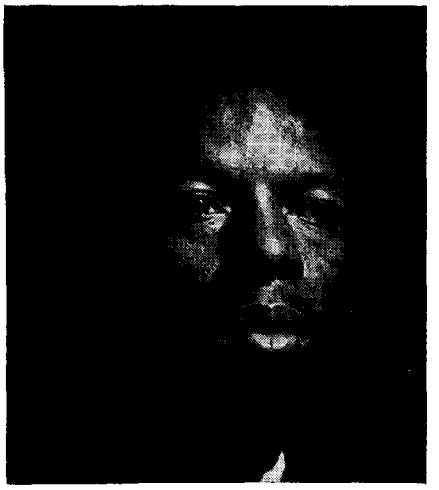

Ornette Coleman—"many fiery gatherings."

THE LATEST manifestation in jazz recording is what is variously described as "free" or "abstract" jazz. Generally speaking, this refers to a process in which, after some sort of set musical statement, a group of players improvises quite at will. The process differs from the traditional group-improvisation of jazz in that the players are under no obligation to a theme, an underlying chord sequence, or to any predetermined tonality. They are on their own. I have two such albums before me: "Free Jazz," by the Ornette Coleman Double Quartet (Atlantic 1364), and "Free Form," by the Joe Harriott Quintet (Jazzland 49).

It may be said at the outset that in both groups the individual players are of high talent. Now, given such players and such elastic musical opportunity, it seems to me inevitable that among the results there should be arresting patterns of line and rhythm, striking effects of spontaneous interplay, remarkable sonorities, concatenations of sound that have a special impromptu fervor. And, to be sure, on both discs all these things occur. On the Coleman sides, for instance, there are many fiery gatherings and a bewitching, subdued dialogue between the bassists Charlie Hayden and Scott LaFaro. The Harriott band, which has apparently played "freely" a great deal, is often uncanny in its sympathetic vibration.

On the other hand, under the musical conditions described, I would also expect to hear a good deal of invention whose effect was wayward, making no significant meeting with that of the other players, leading to no compelling form, and finally ineffectual. And that is the prevailing impression I obtain from both discs. The Coleman music strikes me very largely as a boring if talented uproar, and the Harriott "free" passages, much more varied in mood, nonetheless leave me with a sense of tedious shapelessness.

There has been and there probably will be a good deal of portentous talk and writing about "free" or "abstract" jazz by enthusiasts who seem to feel that the very concept of an improvised music that foregoes thematic and tonal responsibility is a guarantee of wonders in the offing. I can only say that I believe that the finest music will continue to be based on given structures, germinal cores sprouting developments and departures—in which improvisation can be a crowning lustre. It seems to me, furthermore, that highly developed musical instincts have a compulsion toward subtly organized structures of a sort which improvisation can enrich but which it cannot be expected to produce. I should think that any fine jazz improviser would like to try the "free" procedure from time to time—it is bound to be stimulating and to have its moments—but I should expect him to return to the spur and challenge of fine themes for variation. In short, I do not think there is much future in "free" or "abstract" jazz.

Returning to modern jazz in which composition plays an important part, Phil Woods's "Rights of Swing" (Candid 8016) is a five-part suite for an eight-piece band, with the composer on alto sax; Benny Bailey, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Sahib Shihab, baritone sax; Julius Watkins, French horn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Osie Johnson, drums; and Buddy Catlett, bass. This scintillating music is thematically related through various chromatic moods (ballad, waltz, scherzo, presto). It is filled with fine improvisation, including that of the composer. Solidly grounded in jazz tradition, he knows how to turn musical sophistication to the purposes of the jazz band.

From the quarters of living legend in New Orleans comes a second LP by those hardy survivors, Kid Thomas and His Algiers Stompers (Riverside 386). The agenda includes such unfinished business as "Hindustan" and "China Boy," and my precise idea of how a deep Southern jazz band should open the meeting is conveyed by the initial bars of "Big Lunch Blues."

—WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Callas as Carmen—More Richter

MUCH THE most interesting of Columbia's October issues is a recital of French operatic arias by Maria Callas, accompanied by the French Radio Orchestra under Georges Prêtre. The second side, containing conventional material for lyric or coloratura soprano by Gounod, Thomas, Massenet, and Charpentier, may fill this great artist's admirers with dismay, for the upper end of her voice now sounds worn beyond hope of repair; on the other hand, the first side—entirely drawn from the mezzo repertoire—opens up new and exciting possibilities. It begins with Gluck—a marvelously poignant account of Orphée's famous lament and an exciting, if less secure, "Divinités du Styx"—and ends with two arias from "Samson et Dalila." Between these Callas sings the Habañera and Seguidilla from "Carmen" with such style and feline grace that one can hardly wait to see her in this part, which may yet provide her with one of her greatest triumphs.

Kempe and the Berlin Philharmonic contribute a beautifully recorded "Eroica"; the performance is typical of this conductor—wonderfully refined and full of unostentatious musicality, yet emotionally noncommittal to a point where it sounds like a sublimation of Beethoven's fiery and monumental edifice. A program of Rossini overtures, which brings together for the first time on discs Sir Malcolm Sargent and the Vienna Philharmonic, is unlikely to set either the Thames or the "blaue Donau" on fire, but Sviatoslav Richter's first recording for HMV, made during his July visit to London, is an event of considerable note. If the sound quality achieved by EMI's engineers gives cause for some disappointment — no doubt the atmosphere was a little tense at the Abbey Road Studios on that occasion—admirers of this remarkable pianist ought to be more than satisfied with his playing of Beethoven's D minor Sonata and Schumann's C major Fantasia. The Schumann is certainly a great improvement on Richter's Festival Hall performance; his intensely personal view of Beethoven will not be to everyone's taste, but it is extraordinarily compelling.

Classical EP issues are usually confined to excerpts from familiar LPs, but this month two seven-inch HMV discs deserve our attention. The first marks the record debut of Uto Ughi, a seventeen-year-old Italian violinist, whose performance of Tartini's "Devil's Trill" shows remarkable brilliance and fire, albeit a certain want of discipline. This protegé of Enesco draws from his instrument sounds of great richness and striking individuality, reminding me of Josef Hassid, the young pupil of Carl Flesch whose meteoric career ended so tragically in mental breakdown during the Thirties. The other EP in question marks the return to discs of an artist whose absence from the studio has been one of the real mysteries of the LP era. I refer to Leon Goossens, whose performances during the Thirties and Forties—both as soloist and as a member of the London Philharmonic under Beecham — earned him the title of "Prince of Oboists." His records of Mozart's Oboe Quartet and of the Cimarosa-Benjamin Concerto were best sellers in their day and remakes are long overdue; the present disc, his first solo effort in more than a decade, is something of an oddity for, apart from contributing the familiar obbigato to "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," Goossens plays well-known vocal numbers by Bach and Handel: "Sheep may safely graze," "Where'er you walk," and "Ombra mai fu"!

MY last record this month, and perhaps the most beautiful of all, comes from Philips and contains well-known cello concertos by Haydn and Boccherini. Did I say well-known? Possibly the Haydn deserves such a description, although performances of the work with its original scoring are not as common as all that. But the work most of us know as Boccherini's B flat Concerto is really a concoction by one Grützmacher which differs strikingly from the original. A recording restoring both works to their "urtext" was long overdue, but I do not recommend this disc primarily on the score of authenticity. For these are truly remarkable performances by Maurice Gendron, whose brilliant and beautifully sensitive playing is worthy of the unique honor here bestowed upon him —he is accompanied by the Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by none other than Casals! One can only hope that this unusual and profoundly satisfying collaboration will not end here, for the orchestra responds to Casals's direction with wonderfully supple and expressive playing while the recording, too, is of the highest quality.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Bohemica and Slovenica

By OLIVER DANIEL

ONE OF UNESCO'S more interesting annual projects is the meeting of the International Rostrum of Composers, during which representatives from various nations (18 participated at the last meeting) present the most significant works broadcast in their country during the previous season. The most challenging and progressive works in 1961 seemed to come from such widely separated countries as Poland, Italy, Japan, and, without self-effacement, from the United States. From an essentially musical country, Czechoslavakia, the submissions were dull and conventional, particularly when produced by the current generation whose esthetics have been molded by the Soviet-line, proletarian music concepts.

As a sample of Czechoslavakia's current musical doings, a new series called Musica Nova-Bohemica et Slovenica is being released by Supraphon. The first two in the series contain works by Alois Hába, Jan Novák, Ladislav Vycpálek, and Jirí Pauer. All are well written, academically satisfactory, unimaginative yet pleasant.

Alois Hába has long been regarded as one of the principal avant-garde Czech composers. In the 1920s he became interested in dividing scales into various microtonal patterns. He was generally regarded by most scholars and critics as a composer who enthusiastically advocated freedom from artistic restraints. Hába began a class in the quarter-tone theory in 1923, which became an official department of the Prague Conservatory in 1934. But, with the political change of 1948, Hába fell into disfavor and his classes were abandoned. One might do a bit of between-the-lines reading in his statement that accompanies this recording of his Third Nonet, composed in 1953. "When a man is a sexagenarian," Hába writes, "he not only looks forward but also examines his achievements to date. The question arises: has his life been worth living? Is it worth while to go on serving to the best of one's ability truth, beauty, good, and so the people?" And music for the people, according to Soviet concepts, must be shorn of all experimentation, serialism, microtonality, and the like.

The result is a very ordinary work, pleasant as a propaganda poster and of very little intrinsic interest. What a pity we cannot hear Hába before his penitential line-toeing set in.

The youngest of the Czech contingent is Jan Novák, born in 1921. He was a one-time student of Martinu when he visited the United States on a scholarship during 1947 and 1948, and his music bears some resemblance to that master. At moments it is no more modern than Smetana, but it is fresh, bright, and unaffected. Its simplicity seems indigenous rather than one produced by fiat. His "Balletti for Nonet" has great charm, and the contrasting movements are variously busy, bucolic, and sunny. The performing group, the Czech Nonet, organized in 1924, is a striking group of instrumentalists.

Ladislav Vycpálek, born in 1882, listed here as "one of the most original" of the modern Czech composers, sounds both old-hat and esthetically shopworn. His single claim to originality might be found in his inclusion of a solo voice in an otherwise conventional Sonata for Violin and Piano, called "In Praise of the Violin," based on a poem of Stanislav Hanus, "The Violin of an Old German Master." He has spun out a long, pretentious set of variations with the soprano singing part of the sentimental poem in German. Stylistically it is of the vintage and manner of Chadwick, Converse, and Parker. But this is a work, begun in 1927, by a man now nearing eighty.

Jirí Pauer's Sonatina for Violin and Piano, written in 1953, was born in a different time and under different conditions. It is another one of those party-line pieces, music to please all of the people which ends up probably pleasing no one. It is a skittish trifle which is surely slated for galloping oblivion. The soloists, quite unknown here, perform capably; they are violinist Spytiknev Sorm, and Alfred Holecek, pianist, with soprano Sona Cervena in the Vycpálek work.

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Pachanga

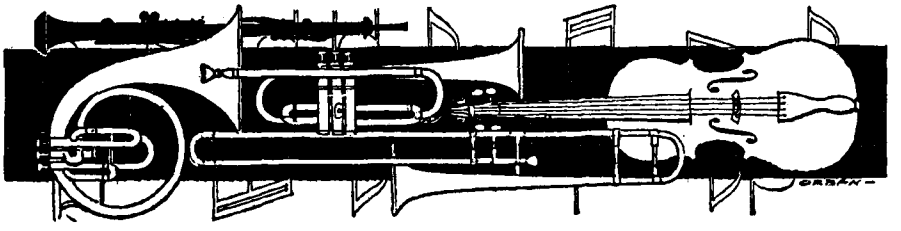
Continued from page 43

"El Paso," with José Silva's amusing bebop violin solo, "Barretto En La Tumbadora," and "Pachanga Suavecito," set in a minor key and almost shyly quoting mambo on piano. If I have to say something on the debit side, the lyrics are not up to the quality of the music; they are "cute" in the pejorative sense of the term. Barretto's most recent charanga includes Julito Collazo on timbales and we can only hope that full use of Collazo's simply astounding talents will be made. A handsome Cuban Negro who speaks English, Spanish, and two Nigerian languages as well, Collazo compresses in his memory a veritable library of Cuban cult beats and rhythmic salutations. Properly appreciated and encouraged, he might father a revival of African percussion instruments which might in turn leave bongos and timbales as obsolete as a washtub in a modern jazz ensemble.

It is exceedingly pleasant to witness the return of Hector Rivera, a New York-born Puerto Rican who will be twenty-nine next January, in his first LP, "Charanga & Pachanga!" (Epic LN 3782), since June, 1956. Rivera, a mambo pianist of considerable merit, differs (like his mentor Tito Puente) from the prevailing tastes in a stubborn refusal to jettison a hard-earned mastery of jazz and mambo blending for the sake of commercial expediency. He is loyal to his urban past—"Machito, José Curbelo when he had Bobby Escoto, Tito Puente . . . that's where my roots are"—and his loyalty will doubtless reward him when the reaction to the charanga occurs. Rivera's piano work bears close listening, for it often presents in capsule form the "octave style" of the Afro-Cuban pianist. At strategic moments Rivera executes the same figuration simultaneously on both hands with an octave between them. Enormous amounts of free energy are captured on the keyboard in the process.

The same shattering of the status quo that gave Hector Rivera a chance to record again has also liberated from obscurity several young Afro-Cuban dancers in New York City. Ernest Ensley, for example, a shy Negro from Brooklyn who dances as if he were on a tightrope, has come into his own with the pachanga after an apprenticeship of much promise. Ensley, who dances every Wednesday evening at the Palladium on Broadway, impresses upon his materials a sense of direction and refinement in contrast to lesser pachangueros who thrash about with pathetic eagerness but who have yet to learn that greatness is consonant not with superhuman effort but natural grace. When Ensley begins his pachanga solo, resplendent in a strawberry-colored dinner jacket, one waits with apalled glee to see how many licks—a second of jump-roping, a twist of his left foot that hurls him counterclockwise, a straight-legged skating conceit—he can work into his improvisation without a break of tempo, form, or continuity. The relatively light instrumental texture of the pachanga is a perfect foil for the tiny, closely aimed, spindly steps with which Ernest Ensley has distinguished himself for the last three years.

James Evans, a muscular Negro who works by day in the Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, is another dancer who is approaching fame under the aegis of pachanga. Actually, however, he is dancing mambo in 4/4 time and very, very hot. Evans makes visible in his brawny movement every metric nuance of the mambo that he possibly can and to do this he avails himself of anatomic points—shoulders, rump, head —normally unstressed in ballroom tactics. There is even more talent in his handwork. Over the years Evans has worked out a semaphoric mambo that is his own, a means of metrically conversing with his hands that is at once sensuous and superb. Unlike the handwork in certain Polynesian dances, Evans's is only occasionally pictorial; it is his aim to capture and describe percussion, not specific images, with his hands. The extent to which he succeeds is perhaps best summarized by an anonymous onlooker who once shouted to him, "Man, you *caught* that riff." A favored gambit begins with his extending his right hand and waving it; he then twists his left hand, then his right, and polishes off the visual riff by placing his left palm under his right elbow. "Who started this hand stuff?" demanded Pedro Aguilar, a rival and older dancer in anger one evening at the Palladium. "Who's *finishing* it?" retorted Evans.



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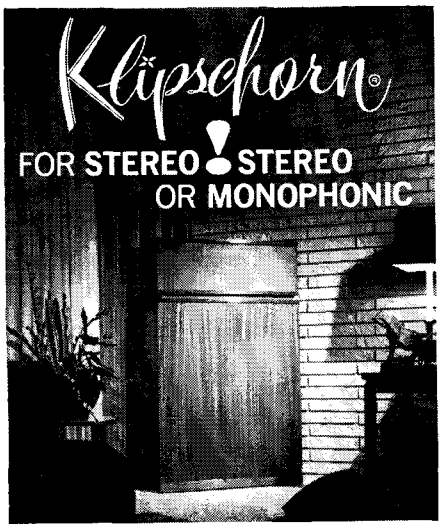

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

"KITEZH" IN ROME

I ATTENDED A PERFORMANCE of "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, on May 17, 1960, in the Teatro dell'Opera in Rome, Italy. It was quite a surprise to read Victor Seroff's article [*SR*, Aug. 26] and learn that "Kitezh" is "completely unknown outside of Russia." I would venture to guess that this information came from program notes printed with the Artia record album.

In the Italian production, Ramon Vinay sang Grishka, Renata Scotto was Fevronia, and Ferruccio Mazzoli was Yuri. The opera was conducted by Franco Capuana with wonderful scenes and costumes by Nicola Benois. All the Oriental splendor Mr. Seroff misses in the Artia recording was present and an integral part of costuming, scenery, and fiery music on stage. Certainly it was a spectacular performance.

The Italian program was printed in four languages: English, French, German, and Italian. I dare say they had an international audience. Nothing in the program indicates this was the only performance of "Kitezh," so I think it reasonable to conclude that it had several performances in Rome.

ROSE SEINFELD.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Largely," then, if not "completely" unknown.*

MAREK WEBER REISSUES

ARE THERE ANY readers beside myself who would like to see a reissue on LP of Marek Weber and Dajos Bela with their orchestras of the Hotel Adlon days? In Germany on their version of "Great Recordings of the Century," you often see such reissues of a more "popular" type appearing on LP and EP.

There are many such recordings by these two artists on Odéon and Electrola, and possibly the Angel people could put out an LP on each.

EDMUND TUSZCZYK.
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Was the Adlon in East or West Berlin?*

RCA's SURFACES

MR. SCHOLZ'S COMPLAINTS in regard to RCA's surfaces raise an issue that has, for a long time, irritated me. The care that goes into the recording and subsequent mastering of tapes is simply not matched or even approximated in the plants that manufacture records. I have bought dozens of records that turned out to be unplayable because the holes in the center were too large, because they were concave, or because they contained other works than those labeled. In those cases the result was generally the inconvenience of returning and exchanging the record.

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impossible because the defects were latent, so to speak. American Decca apparently uses materials for the manufacture of their records designed to assure the obsolescence of the product after only a few playings on even first-rate equipment. The records literally disintegrate. This is not an occasional fault. Out of obstinacy and devotion to the performances I bought *second* copies of Fischer-Dieskau's performance of the "Dichterliebe," Tourel's great Russian recital, and the fine Berlin performance of Haydn's "Creation" under Markevitch. After one or two playings, these records, in turn, had . . . massive surface noise and distortion.

I have not bought a Decca record since. But, unfortunately, I have not heard Tourel sing "After the Ball" or Fischer-Dieskau sing "Ich will meine Seele tauchen" either. How sad that the manufacturer's lack of responsibility prevents the preservation of beauty the artists, the recording engineers, and the producers of the project took so much effort to bring about.

RAOUL GERSTEN.

New York, N.Y.

RCA and DGG

LET ME ADD my "Amen!" to the letter on RCA surfaces written by Dan R. Scholz. My own experience has been as disagreeable. In order to obtain six unflawed sides in the RCA Victor recording of the Berlioz "Damnation of Faust," I found it necessary to purchase *no less than four sets*! Since that harrowing adventure, I have acquired no subsequent releases of the manufacturer.

Someone has told me that surface quality depends on the number of pressings made from a single "mother" disc, which in turn is copied from the original tape. Certain companies overseas, he says, limit the number of pressings to assure the near-flawless standards of, say, DGG.

Possibly with certain of our domestic manufacturers, American cost-mindedness has played its role in stretching the usefulness of mother discs. Cost savings have undoubtedly made an impressive showing in accounting reports, to the satisfaction of management. However, these office people have no way of balancing cost savings against the ultimate losses resulting from forfeiture of customer good will. If they did—if they could count the number of disappointed collectors like myself—the results might startle them.

As a matter of fact, when RCA Victor recently cut prices, I wondered whether such action might have been in response to a lessening of demand for their product.

STEWART R. MANVILLE.

White Plains, N.Y.

AND OTHERS

MR. SCHOLZ'S anguished cry about the quality of RCA Victor records prompts me to give some advice, which, if conscientiously followed by record buyers, will soon cure the situation.

1. Take 'em back, and demand a replacement.

2. Drop a line to the Quality Control Department of the company in charge.

When I informed RCA that I had had to get five successive copies of the Tchaikovsky 5th, or four copies of the Mahler 4th, before I could find one that was satisfactorily free of surface noise, I got some action. Ditto for Capitol and Angel, whose surfaces were for a long time, if anything, worse than Victor's.

There's nothing like fussy record buyers to improve the quality of the product. My impression is that in the last year or so RCA has shown a good deal of improvement.

But there is room for more.

JOHN HOLT.

Boston, Mass.

"TURANDOT" TWICE

MAY I HEARTILY endorse the comments of Dan R. Scholz regarding the deteriorating quality of RCA Victor surfaces? My own experience in recent months leads me to believe that flawless surfaces on this label are the exception and not the rule. At the same time RCA makes use of the phrase "miracle surface" in its advertising!

My original copy of the stereo version of RCA's "Turandot" was replaced for me *twice*; then, one record from that third set was replaced two times more. Eventually, I had an almost acceptable set of discs, but it seems to me that this is asking entirely too much of the customer's patience and perseverance. After all, other manufacturers have proved that surfaces can be better than this.

WILSON D. SNODGRASS.

Dallas, Tex.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 31

have avoided the inaccuracy. But, in fact, Mr. Ciardi's distorted perspective of the East Orange Library facility—pulled out of shape, as it were, under the stresses of academic remoteness, fashionable muckraking, and ideological self-satisfaction—is a classic of generalized untruth. . . .

Unfortunately, Mr. Ciardi is too far away from our community to speak with particular knowledge about it.

SOL AMATO.

East Orange, N.J.

Sad Commentary

MR. CIARDI will no doubt incur the wrath of many a librarian as the result of his piece on library science in your August 26 issue. Perhaps if Mr. Ciardi would work for a week in a library he would change his mind. Perhaps if in doing research for a new book, Mr. Ciardi always got the answer "Sorry, that book is overdue, presumed stolen," he would change his mind. Naturally, librarians want books to be used and read, but it is a sad commentary on the times if Mr. Ciardi thinks it is quite all right to steal public property and thus deprive other taxpayers of their rights. Perhaps the methods used in Orange are open to question, but certainly the reasoning behind those methods was sound.

ANITRA F. KLINE.

Beverly, Mass.

FIFTH FREEDOM

IT WOULD BE pleasant if we could be spared any more drivel from the pen of John Ciardi. His recent piece on "Library Science and 'These People'" makes this long-time library borrower wonder if Mr. Ciardi has ever had any contact with our wonderful public libraries at all.

My compliments to Police Lieutenant Louis Aronchick, who (if he is quoted correctly) said more in a few words than Mr. Ciardi did in his whole article.

And speaking of civil rights, one wonders why "freedom from ridicule" in the public press should not be one of them. For a man doing his duty on the job as a public servant it can't be very pleasant to be the butt of Mr. Ciardi's peculiar brand of humor.

MRS. A. G. MCLEAN.

Seattle, Wash.

THE RIGHT TO ARREST

MR. CIARDI IS still wrong [in his September 30 column]. He refuses to accept the fact that it is not illegal, immoral, or unjust to arrest someone at 4 A.M. Regardless of the crime committed, large or small, police may arrest whenever they feel those to be arrested will be home. Four A.M. is ideal, and since the persons in question were warned repeatedly (I recently had the surprise opportunity of discussing this matter with one who was involved), had been issued letter after letter, each one more succinct than the last, and flagrantly ignored each and every one, I don't think their "rights" were violated in any way at all. They were given due warning and more consideration than their lack of action warranted. They had forfeited what rights they once had in *this matter*. A crime is a crime is a crime, and, by any other name, it still is a crime.

As the offenders were quite guilty, a civil suit would have been the best method, legally. Civil suits are notoriously slow; the courts are jammed. So why go through that rigamarole when the alternative method was available, lawful, far more effective, and less costly to all involved? Just as Mr. Ciardi is hard-headed about this point, so I am. I cannot even conceive of anyone objecting to what was done. . . .

DON E. MANNING.

Chicago, Ill.

POET'S PURGE

SR WOULD improve 100 per cent if Ciardi were exiled—say, to *Mad* magazine.

R. P. ELLSWORTH.

Charleston, S. C.

CHEERS FOR CIARDI

MAY I SAY that John Ciardi's column of polemics excellently rounds out your splendid magazine. His fresh and vigorous arguments exhibit a profound concern with humanity that is all too absent in the monolithic-thinking pillars of our society.

May I also say that the librarians who removed Mr. Ciardi's books from the shelves over his blast at the East Orange Library are not too far removed from burning down the whole library in a febrile excess of Fascist zeal.

LEWIS D. KELLOGG.

New Orleans, La

Wanted: Reassurance

I AM ALWAYS filled with a feeling of great insecurity when I read your readers' diatribes against John Ciardi *in the letters column. Not that they* haven't a right to disagree, but I'm afraid they'll eventually overdo the thing and you'll remove him from the staff. Please reassure those of us who would classify him as the best reason we have for renewing our subscriptions. His article on Dante ["Translation: The Art of Failure," *SR*, Oct. 7] was worth (to me at least) the price of the magazine, and I am continually grateful for his obviously great ability to teach and inform. . . .

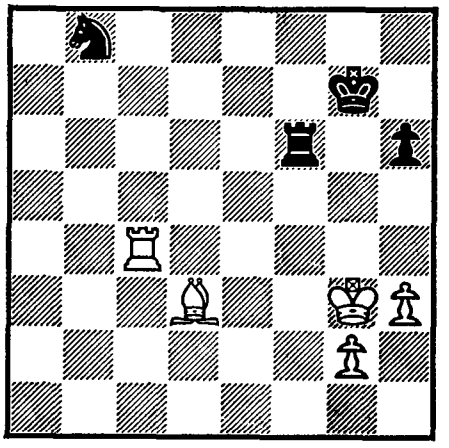
MRS. KURT CLEMENTS.

Thomasville, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is glad to give its reassurance to Mrs. Clements, as well as to other readers who have written in support of Mr. Ciardi.*

Chess Corner—No. 63

THE rule of behavior of the professional chess player is to cherish victory and concede the post-mortem analysis of a game to his opponent. The "iffy" lines (if I had done this instead of that) are of hardly any concern, once he has pocketed the point. The spectators, on the other hand, are a curious lot. They dissect and diagnose every conceivable possibility leading to sub-sub-variations and they determine as best they can what might have happened in all the "iffy" turns. In this connection, the recent match between Sammy Reshevsky and Bobby Fischer (forfeited by Fischer when the score stood at 5½-5½) is of note. Both contestants had their share of blunders. In at least two games where the win was elementary, Fischer omitted the sockdolager. Below is one of these games.



SICILIAN DEFENSE

	Bobby Fischer White		Sammy Reshevsky Black	
1	P-K4	P-QB4	23 B-Q2	Q-N3
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	24 RxR	RxR
3	P-Q4	PxP	25 QxQ	NxQ
4	NxP	P-KN3	26 RxP	B-B6
5	P-QB4	N-B3	27 BxB	NxP
6	N-QB3	NxN	28 R-Q7	NxB
7	QxN	P-Q3	29 B-Q3	P-Q4
8	B-K2	B-N2	30 BxRP	R-R1
9	B-K3	O-O	31 R-Q6	NxP
10	Q-Q2	B-K3	32 B-N7	R-N1
11	O-O	Q-R4	33 BxP	N-B8
12	QR-B1	KR-B1	34 P-B5	PxP
13	P-QN3	P-QR3	35 R-KB6	NxP
14	P-B4	B-N5	36 RxP/5	K-R1
15	B-Q3	B-Q2	37 RxP	N-B4
16	P-KR3	B-B3	38 R-B7	N-R3
17	Q-KB2	N-Q2	39 R-B4	R-Q1
18	N-Q5	BxN	40 B-K6	R-Q3
19	KPxB	P-QN4	41 B-B5	R-KB3
20	KR-K1	N-B4	42 B-Q3	P-R3
21	B-N1	PxP	43 K-R2	K-N2
22	RxP	N-Q2	44 K-N3	N-N1
			45 B-K4	

Here 45 R-B7ch forces R-B2. Then 46 RxRch, KxR 47 B-N5 ties up the Knight and the win is easy. But the game eventually ended in a draw.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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The Citizen's Health

(*Continued from page 16*)

over can more wisely decide which programs to support.

A nationwide network of citizens' committees on health would serve this purpose. At the local level, citizens' committees on health could be established in leading cities and towns of the country. To coordinate and stimulate their efforts a National Citizens' Committee on Health could be established and a comparable committee could be set up for each state.

The functions of these groups would be to arouse public interest in health, provide information on our health needs, study various proposals for improving health and medical services, and present the issues involved. They would help establish priorities of need and then mobilize citizens behind programs of action. The network would help create a favorable public attitude toward extending health and medical services throughout the nation on a national basis. Success for such a citizens' movement can be foretold because of the new public attitude which recognizes that individual health is a matter of national concern. The public has demonstrated its willingness to face our urgent health problems. The citizens' committees would crystallize the major issues and programs with force and clarity.

There is no doubt about the public providing the financial and political support necessary to raise the levels of health in the nation. We now know that national health is essential to give us the strength we need to face the complex world struggle in which we are engaged. We know, too, that this struggle is likely to tax our energies for an unlimited period of time. With this knowledge we the laymen are ready to move ahead. The question is: can we now establish the vehicle necessary to mobilize our united strength behind programs of action that will lift the entire nation to its highest level of excellence?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Diana, riant. 2. Muriel, buried. 3. Catherine or Katherine, gathering, 4. Dolores, colored. 5. Lilian, filial. 6. Gloria, florid. 7. Elaine, plaint. 8. Hannah, Cannae. 9. Julia, tulip. 10. Brenda, trends. 11. Margot, jargon. 12. Melissa, pelisse. 13. Maxine, taxing. 14. Martha, earthy. 15. Claudia, plaudit. 16. Harriet, married. 17. Monica, tonics. 18. Helene, relent. 19. Geraldine, heralding. 20. Judith, audits, nudity. 21. Marian, pariah, lariat.

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(Continued on page 60)

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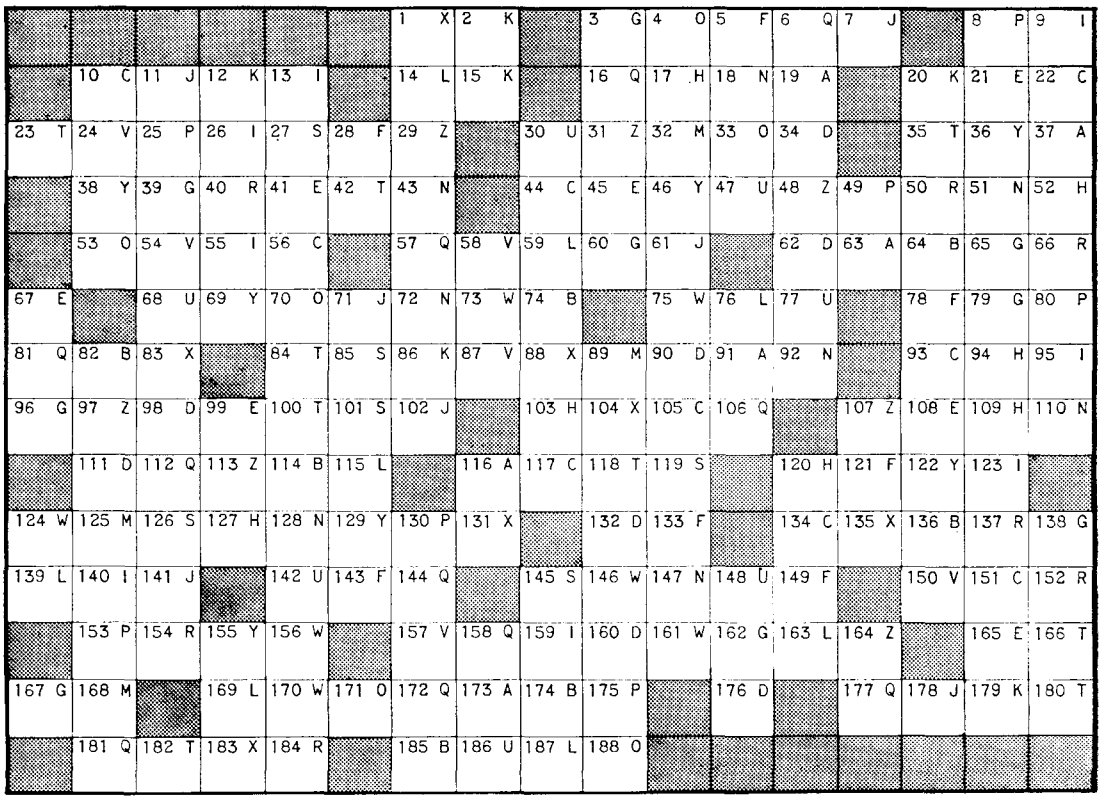
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Seventh book of the Old Testament.	116 63 19 91 173 37
B. Chief character of Aeschylus' great trilogy.	136 64 82 185 174 114 74
C. Language of the Netherlands, as dist. from Afrikaans (2 wds.).	10 22 134 56 93 117 105 44 151
D. Pertaining to nickel.	90 176 98 62 111 34 132 160
E. The standard factory and homemade cheese of U.S. today.	165 99 41 21 67 108 45
F. Plaited strips of lace, net, etc.	143 5 78 28 121 133 149
G. Beyond vision (3 wds.).	39 79 167 96 162 65 60 138 3
H. The philosopher's object of knowledge.	52 109 103 127 17 120 94
I. Specifying Smetana's Bride.	95 159 140 55 123 26 9 13
J. Capacity of a bolt of cloth.	141 11 61 7 178 102 71
K. Eastern; pert. to the act of rising.	15 12 2 86 179 20
L. Where pecans, almonds, filberts come from, but not peanuts (2 wds.).	76 163 14 139 115 59 187 169
M. Given name, Russia's first space man.	168 32 125 89

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Furtively (3 wds.; colloq.)	147 18 51 110 72 92 128 43
O. Of little breadth; confining.	188 33 70 171 4 53
P. People who subsist by sponging (old U.S. slang).	8 25 153 130 49 80 175
Q. Expression used as an aside to indicate negation of what is said (3 wds.).	106 81 144 158 112 177 172 6 181 16 57
R. Contemporary poet ("The Salt Garden", etc.).	50 66 137 152 184 154 40
S. Candy consisting of nuts stirred into a sugar paste.	101 126 85 27 145 119
T. One synonym of Word G.	35 23 182 100 118 166 84 42 180
U. Pert. to an ancient Mesopotamian city, cradle of Nestorianism.	30 77 186 68 47 142 148
V. Whatever frustrates one's plans or hopes.	24 87 54 157 58 150
W. Undertaking, esp. if unsuccessful.	75 73 170 161 146 124 156
X. Donkeys.	104 135 83 88 1 183 131
Y. Betty MacDonald's colorful neighbors.	122 129 36 69 38 46 155
Z. Discomfit; disconcert; suppress.	29 31 97 107 164 48 113

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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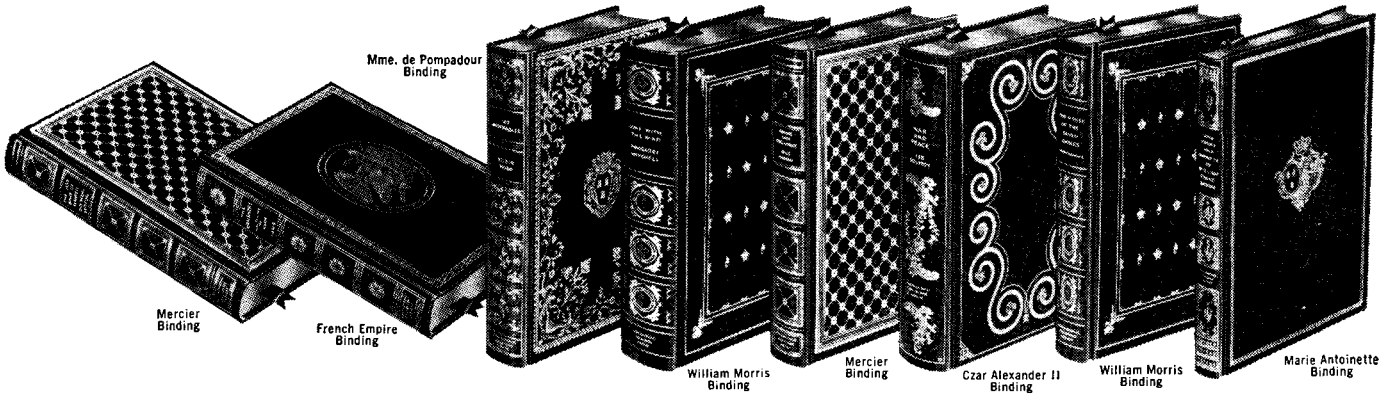

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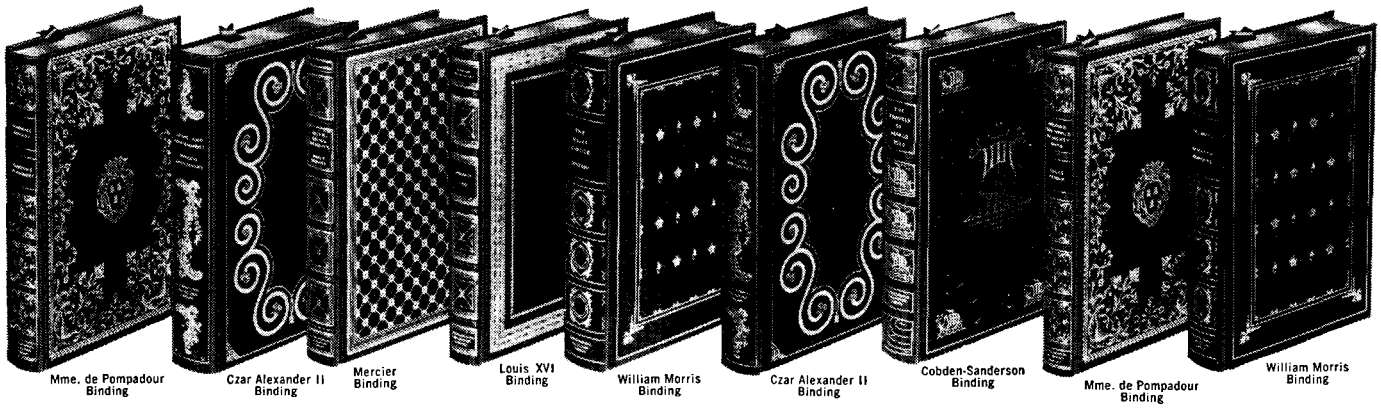

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